

the man's home companion!

Adam

VOL. 9 NO. 2

50¢
AADC

Who Gives A Damn
About Amsterdam?

The Take-Off Girls
Of Dallas, Texas

Pity The Poor Nympho!

ADULTS ONLY






Kelly Kaye makes her ADAM debut on page 32 (and graces our centerspread)—and has all the attributes to become an ADAM favorite—don't you think?

a word from ADAM

ANN TAYLOR, who wrote "The Huntress," an exciting piece of fiction that begins on page 12, also penned the unusual humor bit, "A Gift for Judy," which kicks off on page 36. Miss Taylor made her writing debut in ADAM almost two years ago and this is the first time in our history that we've printed two stories by the same female author. But the two pieces by Miss Taylor are as different as two stories can be, from

the pen of the same author.

Ann lives in Delaware, does all her writing in her cellar, facing a blank concrete wall. "This stimulates my imagination," she tells us. "The blank wall serves as sort of a screen where I imagine my stories taking place."

Her writing habits may be offbeat, but then Ann Taylor comes up with some of the most offbeat stories of any author we know. For an example take a gander at "A Gift for Judy." 

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The eyes of Texas
are upon the
big D
strippers...
see page 62



Adam

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the trap

by ROBERT N. OWEN





When he realized he was caught in the steel jaws of the trap, he screamed. Could — or would — the girl help him?

Michigan's great north woods are a world like no other —and he was caught deep in them in a trap of his own making

JAKE BORDA swallowed thickly and his breath came hard and quick as he watched the young woman through powerful binoculars.

She wore tight ski pants. He licked his dry, chapped lips nervously as she bent over to set, bait and lay another beaver trap in the shallows near the river bank.

He didn't know if it was the below zero temperature, anxiety or anti-

/ turn the page



TRAP, from page 5

pation that made his hands shake. Maybe envy, too, for she did the work with professional ease and sureness.

He chewed a piece of skin from his lip and growled under his breath, "I wonder if she's as good at something else."

Her name was Nora Hale. For three days he had trailed and stalked her through the rugged, desolate Sault Ste. Marie Valley bush country. It was the wildest timber land on Michigan's Upper Peninsula, yet she had never lost her way or seemed to suffer from cold or fatigue. Jake hated her for that, too.

"Your husband musta learned you a lot," he muttered bitterly. "Too damn bad he hadda get sick and make you do the work. Betcha 'bout now a man'd look awful good to you, huh?"

Two hundred yards away Nora straightened and threw back her parka hood, letting the northeast wind blow her long auburn hair. She turned sideways and Jake bit hard on his cold-numbed lower lip until he felt pain and tasted blood... The sight of her full sweater clad breasts half-hidden by the open red parka was a torment for him to see.

Nora swung a roped bundle of steel traps over her slim shoulder.

Jake gave her a few minutes to

round a bend down river and get out of sight. Tracking her in the heavy second snow was easy. As he waited for Nora to lay another trap, he went on brooding aloud.

"Damn city punks comin' up here to cut in on us who gotta string steel to keep our bellies full!"

He got up and plodded slowly through the deep snow. His bear paw snowshoes snagged a covered log and he almost fell. His temper worsened.

He mimicked Noda in a falsetto voice. "Oh, we jest couldn't take the city life anymore. We jest hadda git into the fresh air and open woods. Ted wanted to start a long book and—To hell with you and your fancy writing and your smart-ass woman, Hale!"

Jake glimpsed Nora's parka through the snow laden jackpines. He crouched behind a huge spruce and watched her set and bait the number four trap swiftly and expertly. She bedded the set and moved on downriver.

"Least she's settin' bank traps. Won't be hard liftin' the catches. Hate to wade out in that ice water for a river set." But he knew it was not the cold water that frightened him. Ever since he had been bitten by a sow beaver not yet drowned, he had been afraid of a river trap set.

It had been five years but he could still feel the beaver's teeth slashing into his calf...

For two months prior to the first snow and freeze Jake had watched the Hales map out and blazemark their trap line and cache food along the fifty mile route.

During that time he had driven himself half-mad with lust for Nora and hatred for her husband.

Then Ted Hale had broken through the ice and become bed-ridden with influenza. And Jake had been given his opportunity. Not only would he have the lush young beauty of Nora but he would also have the pelts.

All that day Jake dogged Nora's trail. That night he waited, cold and tired and hungry as she made camp.

He smelled frying venison and percolating coffee. He cursed her as he gnawed on frozen "jerky" meat.

For over an hour he huddled in the dark pines sixty yards from her comfortable camp. Then she prepared her sleeping bag and slipped into it. When the fire began to die he knew she was asleep. He got to his feet stiffly, his legs cramped and aching. Soundlessly he advanced toward the tiny shelter half.

She awoke instantly when his mittened hand clamped over her throat. His other hand unzipped the sleeping bag. He saw her try to scream and tightened his fingers. Her eyes widened with fused horror and fear. He liked that. She reached for the sheath knife under her pillow. He slapped her face viciously and she cried out hoarsely and choked. He tossed the knife away.

Jake yanked a mitten off with his teeth. The free hand tore at Nora's insulated underwear. Her large, firm breasts were uncovered and seemed to stare up at him, white, with pink, cold-stimulated nipples.

She fought furiously, trying to kick free of the tangled bag, beating at him, fingers tearing like claws at him. He laughed and hit her with his fist. She suddenly relaxed into semi-consciousness. He hunched over her, fumbling, pawing. Then he had his revenge. His frosted breath puffed in her face as he grunted to a quick peak of excitement.

When she stirred and moaned, coming back to consciousness, he was hunkered by the fire drinking warmed up coffee.

Jake glanced at her and said mockingly, "You want some? Coffee, I mean."


Nora stared at him, her face a contorted mask of shock and revulsion. She saw his eyes move down her naked lower body. Mechanically she

/turn to page 15

Adam



"ATTABOY!"

A black and white photograph of a woman with dark, voluminous hair, wearing a light-colored, open blazer over a dark top. She is leaning forward, resting her hands on a wooden ledge, with her mouth open in a playful or shouting expression. The background shows a balcony with a white railing and some foliage.

Doris Nichols likes
the wide open spaces
and rugged men 'cause she's a

HOMESPUN HONEY


**She's as American as apple pie
—and twice as sweet!**

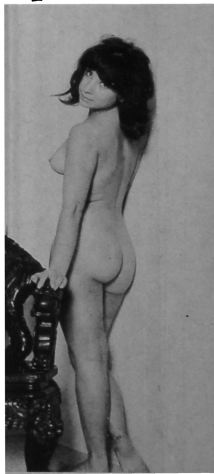


DORIS NICHOLS, a simple, lovely lassie from Florida, has her own notions about the so-called "battle of the sexes."

"There's no battle, as far as I'm concerned," says Doris, with an impish grin. "Men are men and women are women and that's all there is to it. Any gal who tries to compete with her man, well she just isn't a real woman!"

"Me, I like men. And I like them rugged—real men. The man who gets me is going to get all of me. He's going to have to take care of me. What I'm saying is that I'm an old fashioned girl who believes a woman's place is in the home and it's a man's job to go out and battle the world."


The man who gets Doris is going to get quite a bundle to come home to. She stands 5'3" and the comforts measure 36-23-35—and that is one heck of a lot of comfort! 







Julia was the wife of a Roman emperor, the daughter of another—but her body belonged to anyone who wanted it.



ADAM takes a long look at the nympho and finds she's not the femme fatale she's supposed to be

IS SHE REALLY A NYMPHOMANIAC?

by JAKE BARNES

HOW OFTEN have you heard some fellow describe a girl thusly: "Yeah, man, she is a real live nymphomaniac!"?

Nine times out of ten, the young lady in question merely has a healthy, normal sexual appetite. The girl who likes her sex where she finds it—and **enjoys** it—is about as far apart from the real nymphomaniac on the psychological charts as two females can get.

The nymphomaniac is a sick woman; nymphomania is a psychosis, just as is schizophrenia and neurosis.

Psychiatrists have also come to realize, in the past few years, that there is definitely a male counterpart to the female nymphomaniac. In the male the condition is called satyriasis, or the "Don Juan" complex.

Nymphomania is a morbid and uncontrollable sexual desire in woman—and the word **morbid** is important. The word derives from the Greek **numphe**, meaning maiden, and **mania**, the Greek

—turn the page

NYPHMO, from page 11

word for madness. And while the Greeks didn't invent the malady, they were the first to recognize it as an illness.

Actually the nymphomaniac has made her mark in just about every period of history. Julia, the wife of the Roman emperor, Tiberius, was a redoubtable nymphomaniac. Julia was not only the daughter of the emperor Augustus, absolute ruler of over one hundred million souls, she was noted for her great beauty, keen intelligence and fine wit.

But there wasn't a male alive that couldn't arouse Julia to a fever pitch of desire! If a boy was old enough to be capable of erection,

he was old enough for Julia, and if a man was too old for that, then there were other things Julia found interesting. It was said that her lovers encompassed half the handsome youths and virile warriors of the Roman Empire. Her habit of dressing herself as a woman of the streets and offering her body to every passing male, whatever his age, color or appearance was a commonplace of Roman gossip. Julia's habit of taking on all comers, no matter how grotesque, often shocked the debauched Romans.

Julia's granddaughter-in-law, Messalina, the wife of the emperor Claudius, was a nymphomaniac of such renown that her name has

achieved the status of a clinical term for the condition. But neither Julia nor Messalina could hold a candle to Queen Zingua of Angola.

Zingua came into power in 1632 and was one of the most remarkable monarchs in Africa's history. She ascended to the throne of the then-powerful nation by murdering her brother, the king and throughout her long reign she kept a harem of husbands (she called them "wives" and forced them to dress as females), whose sole duty it was to satisfy, or attempt to, her insatiable sex needs. But being a formidable nymphomaniac, hers was the kiss of death, for every man she copulated with was afterward executed before her eyes because he had failed to satisfy her, a feat most impossible because the true nymphomaniac cannot be satisfied sexually. Some historians estimate that Zingua's victims may number close to a hundred thousand!

Other notable nymphomaniacs were Catherine the Great of Russia, who helped herself to the Imperial Russian Army and Empress Maria Theresa of Austria who was known to disrupt her rides through the countryside to tumble in the hay with a likely looking farm boy.

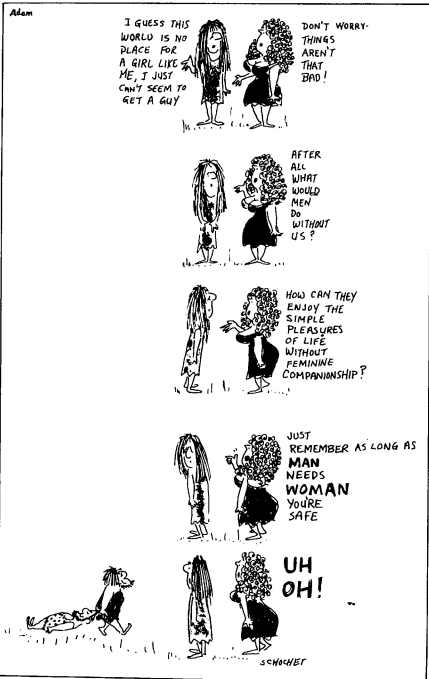
Our own society is fraught with nymphomaniacs to such an extent that they have been glorified completely out of proportion. The popular concept of the nympho is a beautiful, easily aroused, oversexed woman who enjoys sex to the fullest extent. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

Take the case of a beautiful blonde girl I knew a few years ago. Let's call her Alice Smith. Alice, it would seem from all outward appearances, and to use the vulgar expression, "just couldn't get enough."

Alice came from an upper middle-class home; her father was very respected in his profession and had gained some national prominence as an administrator. Not only was Alice a lovely woman, but she was also extremely intelligent. When I knew her she spent her winters in college, as a graduate student in biology, and her summers in the mental health ward of an expensive private hospital, "taking the cure" as she put it.

The first time I met Alice, I said to myself: "Now there is a girl I could fall in love with."

I fell into bed with her less than an hour later. Afterwards we became friends. Alice had hundreds of bed partners but very few friends. And the truth of the matter is, that in bed, Alice was about as mobile as



a log.
"I've been through the bit," she told me once, after I had known her for some time. "I'm a nympho, an honest-to-goodness dyed in the wool nympho, through and through."

And she just wasn't whistling Dixie. In the time I knew Alice—a period of almost two years—she had intercourse on an average of twenty to thirty times a month, and with almost as many men. She also tried to kill herself three times.

Another time she said: "I just wonder how many men I've been to bed with. Maybe a thousand. I lost count many years ago."

"Hell, man, I've been analyzed by five psychiatrists. My old man didn't believe the first four. Took him five of them before he was convinced of the fact that I have to have at least one man every day."

One very significant phrase cropped up in all of Alice's conversations—"my father." Later Alice introduced me to the second of the three true nymphomaniacs I have known. She was named Sherry and was a year or so younger than Alice. The rocker there was that I worked with Sherry's father—we both put in seven hours a day at the same newspaper—and Sherry also constantly referred to her father in conversation.

Once, a few months after I met her, Sherry disappeared from home. Her parents were frantic and called the police when she had been gone for a couple of days. When she did come back she refused to tell them where she had been—but I found out sometime later.

She had picked up a boy in a coffeehouse and moved in with him. After she had been there almost a week he came home one day and found her using his bed and his contraceptives with a man old enough to be her grandfather!

When he took her to task, Sherry shrugged and said: "Hell, I've had twenty men up here while you were at work—all colors and all ages—and every damned one of them could screw better than you can!"

Alice told me that Sherry related this tale to me because she was convinced that I would, in turn, tell her father!

A few months later Sherry's father died suddenly of a heart attack ("He found out all about me," was Sherry's comment), and her mother shipped her off to a private hospital for the mentally ill, rather than contend with her insatiable sex appetite.


The nymphomaniac is often beautiful—turn to page 14

MONO-KINIS?

In ADAM Vol. 8, No. 8, the article "Don Adams Presents" was quite interesting, particularly the costuming in the lower left picture on page 65. Are these clothes painted on? Recently I heard about mono-kinis and a Swedish actress painting her bikini on herself. With all the jazz about the topless bathing suits, I think an article (well illustrated, of course) on painted and topless suits would be enjoyed by your readers. The party shown on pages 62-65 at Miami in ADAM No. 9 is also startling. How does a girl keep so much covered with such a small view of flowers? And how long was it before this was "disturbed" by "botanists" during the evening?

Until recently, you used to have a feature of photos taken of off-beat events usually involving somewhat nude ladies. This was always amusing and I hope you will be able to restore it again.

George W. Clement
San Francisco, Calif.


 You should be pleased to know, George, that the photo feature, 'Adam's Round the World' has returned with this issue (see page 55).

AMATEUR MODELS

I would like to know if you ever have a contest for amateur models? My husband has taken quite a few pictures of me which we won't mind entering in a contest. I'm sure there are other girls that have such pictures that they would like to enter, too.

By the way, I have only read your magazine for about five years, but I have enjoyed every one I have ever read. I'm not much of a reader myself, but I enjoy reading the stories in your magazine.

Nancy Binder
Luna Pier, Michigan


 We appreciate your suggestion of a photo contest, but we are of the opinion that 99½% of all photos submitted would not reproduce for technical reasons. All of the photos in the magazine are reproduced from professional quality 3x10 prints. Polaroid photos in particular are almost impossible to reproduce in a magazine. But we certainly appreciate your interest and hope that you will continue to enjoy ADAM and the ADAM BEDSIDE READER.

BALANCED READING

I want to congratulate you on two articles in ADAM Vol. 8, No. 10: "Death House Immortals" and "King of the Klondike." Even though they didn't have anything to do with sex they were fascinating, fabulous stories. Come to think of it, I'm glad you're not the type of magazine that concentrates exclusively on sexy subjects. Now I'm a red-blooded American guy and I get my kicks from the great pictures of beautiful girls you print, but now and then I like to read a story that isn't all full of nothing but

sex. After all, the whole world isn't a booby hatch. (Ha ha.)

Paul G. Summerfield
Boise, Idaho

 Ha ha. We try to please every taste. Paul. Glad you have a balanced mind.


MOVED TO ACTION

It has been a long time since I've written you, mainly because it has been a long time since I have been moved—physically that is—by anything in your recent issues. Vol. 8, No. 9, however, rectifies the situation. Sitting here with my typewriter on my knees and the copy of ADAM beside me, I find that the typewriter tends to jump off my lap whenever I turn to your center-spread of Vicky Kennedy or to the very much more completely clothed lady you show on page 65.

If I may particularize a bit concerning Vol. 8, No. 9: (a) I think your cover is superb, and I very strongly deplore the sentiments expressed by Mr. Korp in the Letters Column. How is international understanding possible if patriotism is to serve as a basis for sex? Maria Rodriguez (whose name, of course, is Spanish) is the best ambassador that France has sent us in many a moon. And (b) your choice of Dina Huston as the protagonist for your lead-off picture feature couldn't be better. A lovelier gal I haven't seen for ages! (c) Your cartoons are excellent, too. Dennis and Lindensmith always manage to come through. But the man (or woman) who signs himself "Carl" on page 36 deserves kudos; he's got ideas! Why not give him his head and see what he can come up with? (d) Your "Very, Very Blonde" pictorial was excellent but there should have been much more of the lovely Vivian. (e) The article on "Yoga and Sex" was much better than I would have expected. The approach was amateurish, but not, for that reason, bad. Some of the more fascinating aspects of Yoga sex training are—I suppose of necessity rather than because of ignorance—of course not touched on.

Well, I don't want to go on. Keep up the good work!


G. W. M.
Washington, D.C.

 Thanks for the big bouquet of orchids. If your typewriter jumped over ADAM No. 9, G.W., the current issue is bound to send it into orbit. Hope you enjoy it!

CALLING ALL COLLECTORS

From time to time I have noticed requests for back issues of your magazine. I have almost all the back issues available. Could you kindly advise as to anyone needing back issues, as I understand they are rather valuable as collectors items.

Roger Martin
327 N. Avon St.
Rockford, Illinois

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NYMPHO, from page 13

lymph; she is always tragic. They make the best of every opportunity to get a man into bed with them, and because of their conquests, they are often envied by other women. But the real nymphomaniac would give all of her bed partners to find a man who could satisfy her sexually.

Basically, she is a cold woman who feels unwanted and unloved. Her constant search for sex has been analyzed as an act of calculated revenge, directed against her father, or the father image. Almost all authorities on the subject agree that the nymphomaniac constantly entertains incestuous wishes and fantasies involving her father.

When these wishes and fantasies get completely out of hand, she gets revenge by bedding every man in sight and, therefore, punishing both herself and her father.

A midwestern psychiatrist once said: "Half my female patients, and virtually all the younger ones, are suffering from nymphomania in one degree or another. They storm my office looking for a cure to their abnormal desires. And there is very little I can do for them unless the male parent is willing to cooperate. And nine times out of ten the male parent, by the very nature that made his daughter go wrong in the first place, refuses to recognize the fact that she is ill and needs his help."

Very often one or another popular actress is accused of nymphomania. This is seldom the case. The actress, living in a world where sexual inhibitions are somewhat less stringent than in the average society, often takes her sex where she finds it—and enjoys it.

The nymphomaniac cannot enjoy sex. Most often she is totally frigid and the sex act, to her, is to be used rather than enjoyed. Her love life is completely unsatisfactory, not only to her, but also to her partner.

Often the nymphomaniac will experience orgasm but it is a physical, rather than an emotional, release. The compulsion for more sex remains and in a matter of minutes after intercourse she will be scouting around for a new partner.

Her male counterpart, the Don Juan, secretly desires his mother and feels a hostility toward her because he cannot possess her. He takes out his hostility on his sex partners and, virtually always, leaves them unsatisfied. He, while he is often admired by his fellow man by the quantity of his conquests, seldom, if ever, receives any real pleasure from his love making, other than a

physical release. He is like a bee, flitting from flower to flower, never pausing long enough to really enjoy what he is doing. Sex, for him, isn't a matter of pleasure, it is a weapon.

It would seem that the nymphomaniac, with her physical stamina and her insatiable desire, would make an ideal prostitute, a virtual Amazon in the bordello, but nothing could be farther from the truth. The nympho must have some sort of emotional involvement, no matter how brief nor how slight. She is aggressive and possessive to the extreme and she must feel that she has conquered, that she, and not the male, has called the shots, and done the seducing. As a prostitute, where she is paid for the use of her body, her entire purpose in the sex act would be defeated. That is why the nymphomaniac will, without exception, look down on a prostitute who sells her body without any pretenses at emotional entanglements.

While you will never find a nymphomaniac among prostitutes, they abound in the Lesbian society! They often resort to Lesbianism in their indiscriminate quest for sexual fulfillment. And later in life, when their aggression toward the male becomes overpowering, they seek out their bed partners only among women. The nymphomaniac Lesbian is almost always the "butch dike" who constantly brags about how "men never done a thing for me and I ain't got no use for them." At this stage she is overtly competing with all males and looks upon herself as a rival to the father image.

In this stage the nymphomaniac is recognized for what she is: a sick, maladjusted female who sees in every male an object of revenge. She will, by any means available to her, set out to get any man who strikes her fancy into bed, regardless of his age, looks or personality. But once she has had the moment of sex with him, he becomes an object of her scorn and is of no more use to her, for he has failed to satisfy her needs. Later she might give him a second try, but it is always for some definite reason. Then her search continues, hopelessly.

The only hope for a true nymphomaniac is a long, long session with a psychiatrist. It often takes years and the cooperation of her entire family to turn her morbid desire for revenge and possession into a healthy, sexual appetite.

The next time you are told: "Yeah, man, she's a real live nymphomaniac," run to the nearest exit—the fellow could be telling the truth!

TRAP, from page 6

pulled the bag up over herself and lay back wearily.

"Guess you oughta be satisfied now, huh?"

Nora slowly turned her face toward him. Now her expression was one of bewilderment. "I . . . I . . . don't . . . why . . . why did . . . who don't . . . why . . . why did . . . who . . ."

Jake laughed loudly, and slurped the last of his coffee. "Honey, you an' me had this lil' ol' meetin' comin' a long, long time. Ever since you commenced to fling them big tits a yours around and gettin' all the men in the Soo Valley all fired up. You was jest askin' for it. Prefendin' to be so proper-like but ol' Jake, he knowed the real meanin'. Too bad you wouldn't admit it jest now and co-operate. But you will next time. After you been cold and hungry a couple days you'll be glad to see ol' Jake!"

He came over to her and quickly lashed ropes around the upper and lower ends of the bag and tied her securely to a sapling.

Nora opened her eyes and looked dumbly at him. The fight had gone out of her. She reminded Jake of a trapped beaver and how it looked at the trapper just before its skull was split with an axe.

"Where . . . where are you . . . going?"

"Why, darlin', I'm goin' to work now and when I come home you and me will spend a nice, cozy evenin' by the fire."

She lay back again and did not move or speak again.

Jake put on his snowshoes and trudged toward the river. When he returned in an hour or two she would be willing, he thought.

He didn't want to leave the warm fire and stumble around in the half-dark forest, but he also didn't want to sit and stare at a near lifeless acting woman. He had really liked it when she fought him. But this just giving up bothered him . . .

On the river bank he flashed his light around looking for anchor poles and tracks made by Nora's snowshoes.

He spotted a chain clog looped over a toppled sapling. The chain ran down into the water. "Damn you, woman!" he grumbled, "that water's cold as you are."

But again the taunting thought flashed across his mind that it was not the water nor was it anger. He was scared and hated himself for it. He hesitated, torn between the possibility of lifting a thirty-five dollar beaver pelt and the memory of the beaver attack.

"Ha! Jake, you're an old woman! Go get that beaver you know by damn is in there! Beaver always come out to hunt at night. Maybe big buck hung there."

He stepped carefully into the shallow water. He knew at its center the water might barely come to the tops of his hip-high mukluks. But the leather could not keep out the cold. He grimaced and cursed again.

"Damn chicken-hearted woman, wants to all of a sudden make sure the poor lil' beaver drowns quick and don't suffer. All week long she sets bank traps. Now she's gotta be different."

He clambered onto the foot thick middle ice and knelt, tracing the anchor chain into the moving water.

Nora had done a good job of widening the "blow-hole" used by the

"Damn it! Damn it!"

He started to pull his hand back, hurrying because he now feared frostbite. Then something bulky and soggy and moving brushed his hand. A beaver! Terror flooded over his mind.

Instinctively, but foolishly, he waved his hand under the water. He felt the beaver against his forearm.

"Get away!" He slapped at the beaver. There was a flurry of movement under the ice. He felt teeth on his hand. *He was bitten.*

He flayed his arm underwater. His submerged hand felt heavier. Then he knew. He had not been bitten. He was caught in the trap!

He tugged hesitantly. Dull, triangular, intermeshing trap teeth ground deeper into his palm and back of his hand. Horrified disbelief curled through him mingling with terror and dread. He whimpered and shook his head in denial, refusing to accept the truth.

Now the pain was creeping up his arm, forcing itself through the numbing cold.

Frantically he pulled at the trapped hand, knowing it was stupid and useless, but hoping desperately to free himself.

Suddenly a new pain coursed up his frozen, throbbing arm. It began in his forearm where he felt cloth and skin being ripped away like tissue paper. He screamed shrilly as the beaver's teeth sang into the forearm bone. "No, no, no, no! Oh, my God! Help me! Help, oh, please, help me! Mrs. Hale . . . Mrs. Hale!"

Jake screamed and cursed and begged for a long time. Then when his voice cracked and would not hold his sobs and pleadings, he lay on the ice and moaned into the unyielding cold hardness.

He fainted and came to several times. Once when he awoke it was because the beaver's teeth had shredded his upper arm and were driving into the bone again.

He began mumbling incoherently, out of his mind with pain and shock.

The beaver did not like its passage blocked. It was clearing the way with the only method it knew.

When the huge, chopping teeth severed his arm above the elbow, Jake gagged on his own vomit and managed one final croaking scream. He was free now. But he lay dull eyed and weak and watched his blood stain the blue-grey water under the frosted ice.

When Nora Hale finally got to him she found him twisted and rigid, frozen to the ice, his face a grotesque mask of agony and unearthly horror, his eyes wide and sightless.



lodge beavers to enter and exit their underwater dam homes.

Jake lay down on the ice and stripped off one mitten. He put his bare hand in the water and winced. Then he forced his arm and thick sleeve through the narrow opening. The water was numbing on his skin. "Where the hell are you, trap?"

Slowly, in widening circles he moved his fist, careful to have no fingers free to catch in the open jaws of the trap.

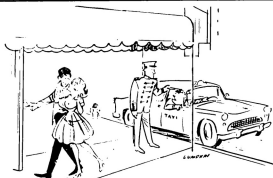
He was about to bring his hand up to warm it when he felt the long trap handle. The trap was almost two feet back under his body on the ice and in three feet of sluggishly moving water. A good spot for a set, he admitted grudgingly.

His fist moved up over the still open jaws and bait pan. Empty.

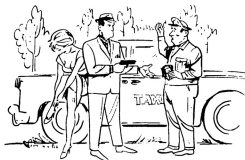
It takes all kinds to
make the world
go 'round
and a cab driver
meets them all
—sooner or later



"What do ya mean ya didn't see those stop lights—what were you watching, anyway?"



"I'm glad we got here. I couldn't have taken it another five minutes!"



"But Gee, mister—when you said 'Drive to some dark lonely spot,' I thought you two were just going to . . ."



"No, don't wait, I'll be awhile."



"What do you mean—who's going to know?"



"I still think he's been watching us in his mirror!"

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A CAB DRIVER

by RICHARD LUMPKIN



"Sorry, this cab's taken."



"But I can't go around the park again—I'm running out of gas!"



"Listen buster—I don't tell you how to drive your cab, you don't tell me where to dress!"



"...but that only takes care of the fare—I'd like to give you a big tip, too!"



"Quick, Charlie—211 W, 21st! It's an emergency call!"



"Could you at least keep those spike heels out of my ears, folks?"



*She had him down—she was lovely
—she was warm—and then she dis-
covered his horrible secret!*

How to talk silly and influence people — or
a new way of putting a round peg in a square hole

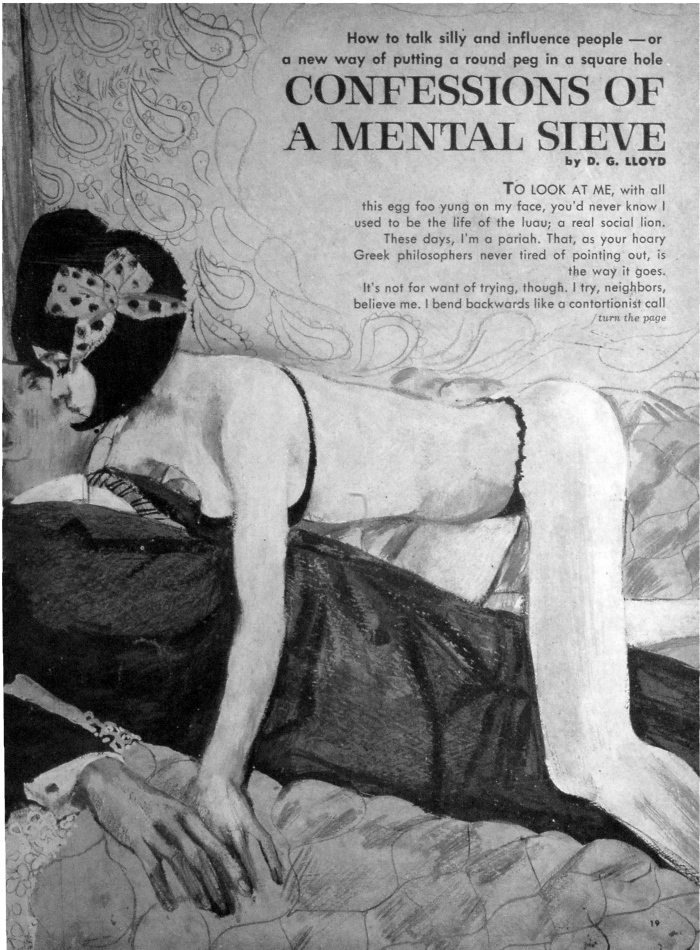
CONFESSIONS OF A MENTAL SIEVE

by D. G. LLOYD

TO LOOK AT ME, with all
this egg foo yung on my face, you'd never know I
used to be the life of the luau; a real social lion.

These days, I'm a pariah. That, as your hoary
Greek philosophers never tired of pointing out, is
the way it goes.

It's not for want of trying, though. I try, neighbors,
believe me. I bend backwards like a contortionist call
turn the page



SIEVE, from page 19

girl, trying to be liked. When riding in a cab I have my money ready; in fact, I won't even hail a cab until I've already got the exact change counted out in my palm. I exit from the side nearest the curb, and never ask the driver to make a U-turn. I don't do so much as hint at it.

On elevators I remove my hat and face forward. I give my seat to ladies on buses and move to the rear (of the buses). I seldom violate the Mann Act and never spit on subways. I neither take narcotics, burp, nor scratch myself in church.

A model citizen, you say? In-deedy—that is, I like to think so, but the truth is I've become a social blister. Outsville! Small children run from me or bite. Birds snarl at me, and recently the Vicar's parakeet went for my throat. Doors close in my face. I'm blackmailed at the Moxie booth and chosen last for quito. I'm no one's Valentine.

Why, why, why? Well may you ask. I'll tell you why. It's all because I talk funny. I can't learn to talk like people in commercials, and it's ruining my whole Goddamn life!

A few seasons back, this didn't matter. Though damaging, it wasn't fatal. But the handwriting was on the wall.

When cigarettes started tasting good like cigarettes should, I saw it coming. I always put my foot in it by saying "as." Oh, I'd try to compensate, afterwards, but my efforts lacked clan. "Like for myself, I don't agree," I would say. "Like Maine goes, so goes the nation." "Like far like I'm concerned . . ." It didn't work. People saw through it.

Still, for a time I muddled by. But Phase Two was the straw that broke the camel's whosis. That was the era of the "Like they say on television" commercials.

You remember the early ones. Two apeline stokers are trapped in the hold of a burning ammunition ship, at midnight, in mid-ocean. One claws open his collar to relieve the heat. "Say," remarks the other, "pretty smooth shave you got there." "Well, you know . . ." says the first. "...like they say on TV: The whiter the lather, the smoother the shave."

The gimmick caught on, and small wonder. Other commercials followed suit. "Like they say on TV, Mrs. Clavicle," the cop on the beat would chortle, helping old Mrs. Clavicle into the path of an onrushing cement truck, "with added Retsosfran, you sleep while you eat!" "But don't forget what the Strongheart jingle says," Mrs. Clavicle would remind

him waggishly, as the wheels crushed her pelvis: "Yum-yum-yummies — Good for you — Good for your cat and your family too."

The public got the message. If they didn't know how to make snappy conversation, they'd better

everyone would gummy up mirrors, stain sinks, grease floors, and lather each other, chattering excitedly and singing slogans. It was like a Madison Avenue revival bash. But I was already in the tumbrel!

My downfall came one balmy



"Malcolm, darling, does this mean I'll have to return your apartment key?"

learn! People canceled engagements and closeted themselves with their television sets. Within weeks the dialogue at smart soirees began to sparkle.

"Hey kids," Mrs. Astorgelt would tell her titled guests, "let's make the Crummo TV Test!" Whereupon

evening at a gala given by Dame Sibyl Rosencrook to honor her son Ralph, who was home on vacation after slunking his first year in analysis. Everyone was there. Silver gleamed, wine flowed, wit crackled.

"Don't forget," Mrs. Presley Bismuth told her escort, "like the man

says on TV: Even the label is improved." Her escort, an elderly cretin who once nearly had been appointed ambassador to Nepal, fell asleep while framing a retort, but the woman, opposite him met the challenge.

"Wrigley's Roach Bane has up to 30% more killing power," she told me accusingly, holding up a packet for my inspection. "See. It says so right on the box."

"That's good enough for me," I admitted, backing away. I barely had time to see the package slip from her fingers into the ambassador's consommé before the crowd carried me to a far corner of the room.

"Everybody's talking about it—talking about it—talking about it—" chanted three Bryn Mawr alumnae in earnest, well-bred accents, their heads elevated and their bodies swaying slightly to the beat.

"Talking about what?" I asked, before I could catch myself.

"Jasmine Spray-On's new blue atomizer, scientifically narrowed to make it more grippable," snapped one, glaring at me. "Haven't you heard? It fits your pits! Where have you been?"

"As...er, like a matter of fact," I said quickly, "I think I did hear talk of it around Lincoln Center." It was a desperate bluff, but it was no go. All three were regarding me narrowly, now, and the conversation around me had stopped. I was on the spot. It was time to win one for the Gipper.

"Well, folks," I said, clearing my throat and putting on a brave little face, "like they say on TV..." My mind went blank! "You can be sure if...er, leading experts agree..." I shook my head and passed a hand over my face. Steady, I thought. Get a grip on yourself! "If you can't brush between...er, which detergent really...in a recent, ah, a recent test..."

My voice broke. Perspiration bathed my face. The mob surged forward on all sides. Women jabbed me in the thorax with their oyster forks. There was an ugly murmuring. In the back, some men were bringing out a rope. I felt myself slipping, falling, sinking into a whirlpool. Then everything went black.

I woke up lying out in the snow. It may have been tar-and-feathers, come to think of it. It was one hell of a warm night for snow. No matter. Rising, I staggered back into the house.

The foyer was deserted. From somewhere down the hall I could

turn to page 40

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6. Made In France



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8. Boudoir Frantics



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Fed up with London smog, seductive Sue Owen wants to take to the country and breathe again

A BREATH OF AIR





BRITISH BEAUTY Sue Owen has but one goal in life: to buy a country farm with a haystack and lots of fresh air. A Londoner, Sue is fed up with city life. "I've had it!" she says. "I'm a victim of this congested, foul-smelling, grimy city. I go around gasping for breath. I dream of a little thatched cottage where I can sit all day and just breathe!"

This 22-year-old charmer was raised near London's Covent Garden, the huge open market where produce is brought in from the farms each night. She reminisces with moist eyes: "I remember spending all my time there just smelling the wonderful fresh fruit and vegetables. It's the only part of London I love."

Incredible though it may seem today, Sue was a tomboy in those days. Blue jeans and sweatshirts were her only apparel.





For Sue, farming is no fun without a man to keep her company

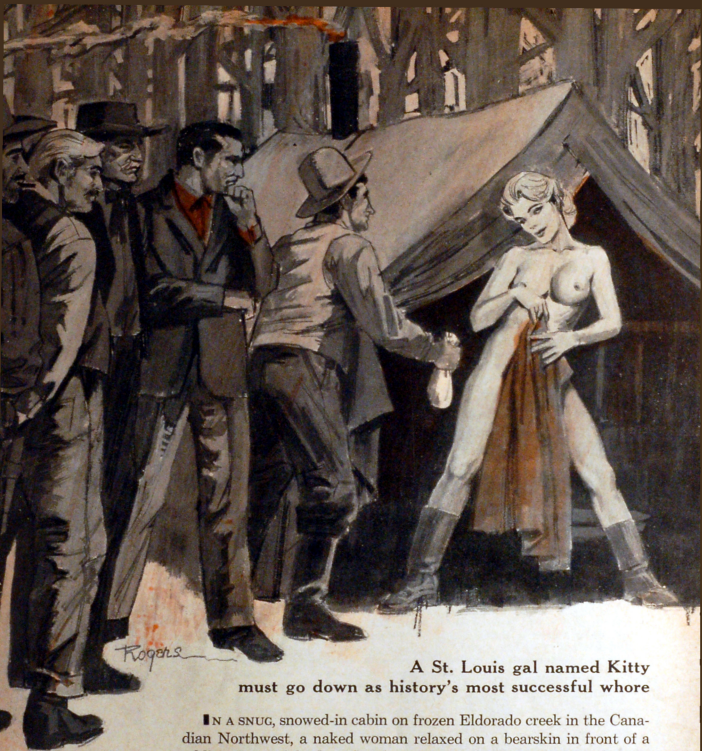
and the market workers accepted her as one of their own kind. But when she began to fill out to her present 36-23-36 lusciousness, the men began to get other ideas. "So I had to leave the Garden," she says sadly. "Not that I mind masculine attention—I don't—but there are limits!"

Sue has been modeling for almost two years, is a favorite with English lensmen. She is so serious about going rural that "every last sixpence I earn goes into my 'farm fund.' " The only expenses she allows herself are for movies and most of her spare time is spent watching the telly. She takes all her vacations at her uncle's farm in Surrey, where these pictures were taken. Her only problem now is finding a man for company out in the sticks. "I'm looking for a strong outdoors type—and there aren't many of those in London. Perhaps I should go to Texas and do a little recruiting, hmmm . . . ?" 🍷









A St. Louis gal named Kitty must go down as history's most successful whore

IN A SNUG, snowed-in cabin on frozen Eldorado creek in the Canadian Northwest, a naked woman relaxed on a bearskin in front of a crackling fire and beckoned seductively to the miner feasting hungry eyes on her inviting body. In his hands he held her fee for a week's uninterrupted love-making. It was a Moose-hide poke of gold dust worth \$5,000.

The things that went on in that cabin that week in the winter of '98, made

—turn the page

PORTABLE BROTHEL OF YUKON KITTY

by G. W. FRAZIER

BROTHEL, from page 27

the sordidness swear that every ounce of dust in the sack was well spent.

One week later, the woman packed up her sled, mushed exactly five hundred feet up the Eldorado and established herself for another week of fun and games with a different miner to the tune of another \$5,000.

This Klondike hooker who charged such fantastic admissions to her playhouse of pleasure was none other than Yukon Kitty, the Belle of the Klondike Whores.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1879, as Myrtle Anne Roy, to an impoverished family who made a living catching and selling catfish on the riverfront, Yukon Kitty parlayed her body and bedroom talents into two millions in gold dust and nuggets.

From Skagway to Wind City, Circle City to Ft. Pelly Banks, she got anywhere from \$200 to \$10,000 from thousands of crusty miners who wanted to sample her wares. Once she got her weight in gold dust from a man to winter with him on Dominion creek. At that time, she scaled in at one hundred and twenty-five pounds and an ounce of gold was worth sixteen dollars. When spring broke, the Belle of the Klondike Whores added \$32,000 to her ballooning bank account. In addition to her fee, she was allowed to "pick around the winter dump," and keep whatever nuggets she happened to unearth. The miner didn't know that Myrtle was as skilled as he when it came to sorting gold from hardpan.

There's no accurate account of how much she picked out of the dump that winter, but it was rumored around Dawson that she was seen lugging a two-gallon coal-oil can into the Bank of British North America.

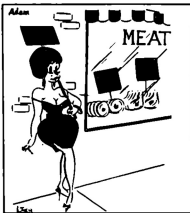
By now you're probably wondering why the price of a woman's carresses and companionship were so costly. When something is scarce it is costly. In the winter of '97, in Dawson, men outnumbered women at the disheartening odds of five hundred to one. When the stampede began in 1898, after every conceivable, floatable craft on the west coast was pressed into service to haul the feverish gold seekers to the Yukon, the odds dropped to an encouraging five to one.

And where men were used to such female pulchritude as that of Diamond-Tooth Gertie, Nellie the Pig, Big Annie, the Oregon Mare, the Grizzly Bear and the lesser known women of Lousestown and Paradise Alley, a woman as beautiful and de-

sirable as Kitty was very much in demand. At one time, miners vied so forcefully for her services the man who eventually got her had to fight off an angry mob in order to enjoy what he paid for.

Barely reaching five feet in height, but built like a ladies' parlor, Kitty was desired by every miner that set watery eyes on her. Her dresses, always low-cut and scanty to reveal a considerable amount of firm, ripe breasts and net-encased legs, were worn with the poise of a Paris fashion model. In her green eyes and facial expression, there was a virgin innocence that sent woman-starved men pawing the tundra. Yet behind that facade of virginity, there lurked greed so intense it would have made King Midas seem like a piker. To her the only thing in life that mattered was money. The comforting feeling of loving and being loved in return, a home and children were scorned like so much "dead gravel."

She sensed this need even at the



tender age of fifteen. Like so many children of poverty she yearned for the beautiful things money would buy. She spent many days of her childhood on a Mississippi river bank dreaming of the things she wanted in life. Even at that age her shrewd mind knew that the end of the rainbow was not to be found on the St. Louis riverfront, so she set her sights on the prospering city of New Orleans. Experience had taught her, by the pawing and pinchings of drunken dockworkers, that an easy way to riches was with her body.

Her mind made up, she bargained with a rambling, gambling man to take her to New Orleans aboard a Mississippi paddlewheeler. The gambler sensed a good thing in the form of a ripe, young body lurking beneath her ragged dress and hardly before the steamer left the dock, she had lost her innocence. And when the boat tied up in New Orleans, she had earned a tidy sum for the gambler from a dozen well-to-do travel-

ers. Thus Myrtle began her crowded career in the pleasurable world of sex, a world which would earn her the title of the richest woman to come out of the Yukon.

At dockside, she bade the gambler goodbye—much to his consternation—and set out for the fancy houses on Beaker Street.

A year later, she met Charles Harrison Winthrop III, the heir to the Winthrop Steamship lines. Wise beyond her years, she held back just enough of herself to keep young Winthrop groveling at her feet, until he begged her to come to San Francisco with him and become his mistress. Hiding behind a secret smile, she finally gave in, but not without some haste when Charles threw in a carpetbag full of twenty-dollar double eagles to clinch the proposition. When they arrived in San Francisco, he ensconced her in a lavish apartment at the foot of Nob Hill, overlooking San Francisco Bay.

For six months she lived in the shadow of that hill of snobs, until the fickle Charles tired of her charms and gave her the heave via-the-back-door to make room for his latest passion. Myrtle left with her chin held high, but not without some misgivings, for she had grown accustomed to the Snob Hill social set. She vowed she would someday return with enough money to buy the biggest home on the hill.

During the next two years, she traveled from city to city, from whorehouse to whorehouse, never staying in one place very long because she knew that a fresh face makes more money.

It was in Seattle when the whisper of gold reached her ears. She was entertaining a customer and he mentioned that gold had been discovered in the frozen north.

Immediately, Kitty's shrewd, avid mind began to click, the voracious need controlling her thoughts and actions. She reasoned that when the miners came into town with their heavy loads she wanted to be there to relieve them of their burdens. Literally.

In the next few days, she met every ship returning from Alaska and gleaned every bit of information she could out of their passengers. She learned that fortunes were being made in the Klondike, especially by enterprising young women who were willing to sell their most precious possessions. This was enough for her. She was more than willing and exactly forty-eight hours later she was aboard a steamer heading north to Alaska.

It was in 1897, one year before the stampede and barely eighteen years old that Myrtle Roy got her first glimpse of the north. True to the rumors, Skagway was indeed a fertile oasis for women with love for sale. The going rate for an hour of a woman's time was one hundred dollars. In two weeks, Myrtle banked a cool \$10,000. Pretty good for a little slip of a woman who three years before was subsisting on catfish and river water. But Myrtle was just beginning to amass her incredible fortune.

From her customers that had just come in from the gold creeks around the Klondike area, she learned that women in Dawson were getting two and three times what she was getting. In fact, a woman with body education could name her own price. This news caused Kitty a few nights of restlessness. Her need was showing again. She decided to move to Dawson, baggage and body.

But getting to that town in the center of the gold fields was no simple feat. From Skagway, the overland trail led to the foot of White's Pass and to the tent city of Dyea, the jumping off place for the shorter but steeper and more perilous route over the Chilkoot Pass. Over that terrible route to the Klondike, that first summer of the stampede, no less than three thousand men and countless animals fell by the wayside. The pass was no place for a frail, weak-kneed person. And then if one were fortunate enough to make it over the pass, there remained five hundred miles of insect hordes, scurvy, spinal meningitis, starvation and frost bite before Dawson was reached.

Myrtle's want of money persevered, however, and she made it to Dawson by propositioning a veteran of the Yukon trails with a thousand dollars, before they left Skagway, the presence of her warm body in his blanket roll at night, and another thousand after they reached their destination.

The man lost no time pointing his dogteam toward Dawson with Myrtle tucked warm and snug in the sled. Later, she learned that the trip had taken two weeks longer than necessary.

But by the time they forded the Klondike at Dawson, Kitty was an old hand at panning for gold, making soughdough flapjacks and man-handling a dogteam. A valuable knowledge which would come in handy when she later started out with her portable whorehouse.

A word or two about Dawson. In

—turn to page 30

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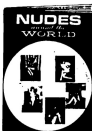
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BROTHER, from page 29

September '97, there were only four
permanent wooden buildings. But
tents numbered in the hundreds,
scattered haphazardly between trees
in the mosquito-infested swamplands.
And there was a shortage of every-
thing a man needed. From nails to
women. But there was no shortage
of gold.

It poured into Dawson from the
creeks in an endless, shining stream
in every conceivable kind of con-
tainer, from match tins to greasy
moose-hide pokes strapped to the
backs of plodding mules. The very
air glittered with it. And this was
what Myrtle came feverishly seek-
ing.

One hour after she hit town, she
was installed in one of the wooden
buildings—of which three of the
four were saloons—in her lowest-
cut gown to display her fine, up-
standing breasts, playing hostess to
dozens of love-starved miners bear-
ing gifts of gold.

The Kings of the Klondike were
so hungry for a new face, Kitty
tucked away in her nugget belt a
neat three thousand that first night.
On the second night, after the word
got around that a fresh body was in
town, she made out even better. On
her little scales, she weighed out
eighty-five hundred bucks in dust
and nuggets, one of which was worth
ninety bucks. For a while that streak
of need was quieted.

When Dawson was young, before
it turned into a seething mass of
humanity, Kitty soon established
herself as Belle of the Klondike
Whores. In a place as far flung as
Dawson, entertainment from the
outside world was virtually unheard
of. So the inhabitants devised their
own entertainment. Every Friday
night was "talent night," when the
dozen or so whores and dance hall
girls got up on the stage in old John
Rawlings' Palace saloon and sang or
danced or did a specialty act. It was
on one of these nights that Kitty
earned her title.

When it came her turn to per-
form, she got up on the stage and
plowed into a vigorous Mississippi
reel. When one of her straps broke,
exposing a firm asset, the roar of
approval from the miners could be
heard clear over the Chilkoot Pass.

Quick to recognize a good oppor-
tunity, Kitty asked what it would be
worth to bare the other breast. She
found out when Bull Durham sacks
of dust and nuggets the size of mar-
bles showered the stage at her feet.

She seized the initiative and didn't
stop with merely stripping to the
waist. She called for bids on her

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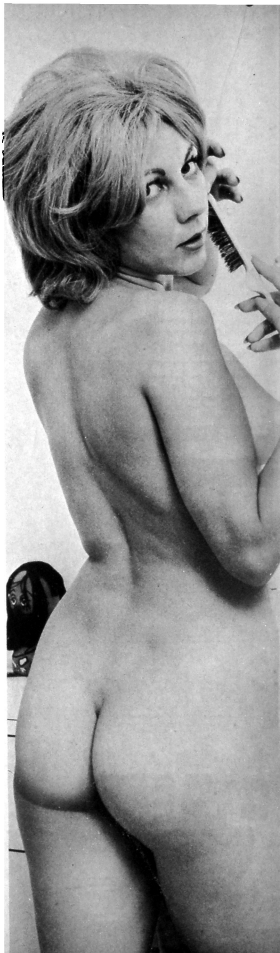
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ADAM'S EVE









When she opened the bag and saw what was inside she couldn't stop screaming.

The little hooker thought she had a real sucker but she was in for a couple of surprises

A GIFT FOR JUDY

by ANN TAYLOR

THE CHEAP HOTEL room was on the third floor and to one side of the red neon HOTEL. The filth of the room flashed rhythmically with the red brilliance and a fat rat in the room had adjusted his life to the rhythm of the on-and-off red world, scurrying when the world was shadowy and in hiding when the world was red brilliance.

George Jones had undressed and lay waiting on the bed, his body warm and sweating. He had tried to open the single window but found it reluctant. He watched the girl named Judy as she unhooked her bra and her huge breasts spilled free. Naked now, she moved toward the bed. She was chewing gum and she had chewed gum from the time he first saw her early that morning. She chewed gum when she talked, she chewed gum when she drank, and she chewed gum when she smoked.

"You say your name is George Jones?" she asked, chewing gum. "Funny, that don't sound like a foreigner's name."

He had explained he was from another country, visiting the United States on a vaca-

—turn the page

tion. Now he added, "My parents were from the United States originally, hence I have what might be called an American name." Another lie—but the lies were necessary. The truth would shock her. Tomorrow morning he would have to leave—without learning everything he had wanted to learn, but with numerous notes and the hope of returning next year.

"I want to thank you for all your help, Judy."

"For answering all the questions? Jeez, you had the questions! I never saw anybody ask so many questions!"

"There were a number of local customs I did not understand, but you were a big help. I wish I could repay you somehow."

"I was gonna ask... could you loan me twenty? I don't get paid until Friday and I—"

"I can loan you twenty. Or more if you need more."

"You're a doll. A livin' doll." She stopped chewing gum long enough to learn down and kiss him. Her lips were warm and sticky, and when she leaned over him, her nipples brushed a path across his chest. "And casual, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, here we are... on a bed... you, me... talking!" She chewed faster and her eyes widened as her gaze swept over their naked bodies. Her breasts rose and fell faster and he realized this was what Earthmen called sexual excitement.

Her body was unclean as if she had not bathed in two or three days, with dirt caked in fleshy crevices. Her body smelled and she had tried to cover the odor with perfume. He made mental notes of these things because she was different from the other woman he'd made love to. The other woman had cleaned her body immediately before and after contact with him. This, he decided, was one of the inconsistencies of Americans. Inconsistencies were important in that a foreigner had to learn which were important and which were not.

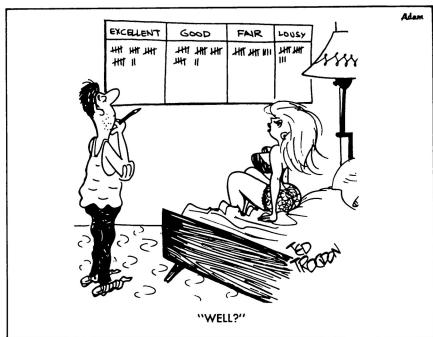
He rolled her on her back, he played with her for awhile and then he moved over her and began the rhythmic movements. Her legs swung to his back and locked their bodies together while she arched her breasts up and tight against his chest. She moved her hips in a little circle, frowning as if concentrating on the movement the way he had seen a woman frown when concentrating on a dance step in the gymnasium at the YWCA. Around,

around, up-down. Around, around, up-down. Around, around, up-down! Up-down, up-down, up-down!!

"Jeez," she said, and she chewed gum at a furious rate. Her eyes rolled and her fingernails bit into his back. She moaned, her head thrashing while a layer of sweat burst from her flesh until her breasts were two wet and slippery hard-pointed globes pounding against him. Her legs fell to the bed, stretching straight while her entire body stiffened. She gasped and a convulsive tremor ripped through her. At that instant she stopped chewing gum.

Much later—She sat on the bed and chewed gum while she touched it and studied it.

"You like it, don't you?" he asked.



"Jeez, yes!" She laughed. "It's the best goddamn thing they ever invented!" She laughed again. "You know, you did it!"

"Did what?"

"Did what? I got my kicks! I was all set to fake it. You know... pretend. But I didn't have to. You're built... you're great. You're so cold about it all... you were just like a big hunk of machine or somethin' just plodding..." She paused and squeezed and squeezed again. "Want to try again before we get some sleep?"

"If you want to. You really do like it, don't you?"

She laughed again and chewed gum faster as she pressed against him. "Like I said, the best thing they ever invented!"

red neon sign in silence. Judy sprayed some perfume under her arms and rolled some deodorant between her thighs, deciding to take a bath in the evening if her next pickup took her to a motel or a room where there was a tub or a shower. When she finished dressing, she moved quietly across the room and turned once more to make sure the foreigner was still asleep. He had pulled the sheet up and seemed asleep, although he wasn't snoring. She remembered—once during the night, he had risen from the bed and partially dressed and gone to the bathroom at the end of the hall. She had waited for him to return, planning to take his money while he slept, but she had fallen asleep waiting for him to return to the bed. She slipped his wallet from his

trousers and opened it. There were two hundred dollars in the wallet. For a moment she toyed with the idea of taking only the twenty, but then she decided that would be a crazy thing to do, so she took the whole two hundred and stuffed it in her pocketbook. She moved quickly and quietly from the room.

When George Jones left the hotel later in the morning, he went to the deserted section of the park where he had left his ship. He took the knife from his pocket and slashed an opening across his chest. When the body fell to the ground, he threw the lever that severed all sensory contacts and muscular controls, and opened the escape hatch. He climbed out of the host compartment and through the opening in the chest. As he walked away, the artificial body began to burn with a

purple glow and in a few moments there remained only a small pile of ashes. He regretted the loss of the body. Artificial, yes, but the things cost a lot, and it was a shame they were too big to take back to Rigel. It would have been fun if he could have taken it take to Rigel and shown it to Arfga, explaining about humans' sexual habits. He planned to come to Earth again next year for a vacation, but next year wouldn't be as enjoyable. Gabbig and Jifurti would be old enough to travel next year, so Arfga wanted them all to go as a family, and what good was a vacation when you had to take the wife and kids?

With dark thoughts, he climbed into the rotted hollow tree trunk where he had hidden his space ship.

JUDY FOUND an empty park bench and sat for a few minutes as she tried to decide which bar to go to, or what to do until later in the day when the suckers with the hots would start looking again. She noticed a fat slob with a dog. The fat slob walked by her once, glancing at her legs and breasts and then walked back again. His tongue flicked over his lips and she decided he was trying to work up enough courage to talk to her. So... all the suckers weren't in bars. This one looked prosperous and maybe this would have a different touch. Maybe she could give him some line about losing her job and not having a place to sleep because her landlady had told her to move out. A real slob story. There were always suckers and they always believed the stories — or — if they didn't believe them, they always pretended to believe them. So... who's fooling who, Judy? They want to get in your pants, so you let them, but the bastards got to pay. You don't give anything.

She opened her pocketbook and dug beneath the wad of two hundred dollars until she found her lipstick.

She saw the paper bag in the bottom of her pocketbook beneath the handkerchief and perfume and deodorant and coins and comb and compact and cigarettes and matches and chewing gum.

There was a note on the bag.

Dear Judy: I wanted to repay you for all your help in enjoying my vacation. You said you like this, and I know this isn't customary, but I thought I would give it to you. I don't need it any more.

She opened the paper bag and looked inside. She screamed and she found she could not stop screaming.

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SIEVE, from page 21

hear voices raised in song: "If you get the hemorrhoids — In the country or the city — Feschelbaum's new rectal balm — Will keep you sitting pretty..." My head swam. I groped around for brandy. Finding none, I moistened my wrists and ankles with kirschwasser, and tottered down the corridor.

A door swung open. Peering inside I saw a low-slung, sports model brunette sprawled on a bed, attempting to lick the inside of a whiskey sour glass. "I'm squiffy!" she announced — throwing the glass over her shoulder — and attacked me.

"How do you do?" I said. I slipped my jacket off in an attempt to put her at her ease.

"Like they say on TV," she said, biting my ear. "booze makes you wanna." The poor child was in such a state, it was all I could do to pin her on her back while calming her. I loosened several of her garments to ease her breathing.

"It's what up front that counts," she giggled. I nodded, but made a mental note to keep an open mind. "Is it true blondes have more?" she asked. I refused to be drawn into an argument. I had my hands full as it was. Instead, I tried to distract her with a series of parlor tricks involving clasps and zippers. "Try this simple test," she moaned. I nodded. "You'll be glad you did," I nodded harder. "For more downright, satisfying pleasure..." I was nodding like a garrote victim and salivating audibly.

"Oh, oh, oh!" she gasped, attempting to steer with my ears. "Which one?"

I sat bolt upright. "Which one what?"

I bit my tongue until it separated, but it was too late. The words were out. Now she, too, was sitting up, clutching the petal to her bosom and staring at me with eyes that mingled horror, shock, and loathing.

"Which one out of the seven leading laxatives gives you full, 24-hour relief," she spat contemptuously. "Don't you know? You don't, do you? Look at me! No, you don't."

"He doesn't know," echoed a shocked chorus behind me. Spinning, I beheld a number of other couples who had tipped in to watch our innocent amusement moments before, and now regarded me accusingly. "He doesn't know..."

"O.K. guys," I said quickly. "Hold it. I'll go quietly. Hold it..."

But they were on me, and the next thing I knew, I was chewing snow again. Maybe it was snow.

Well, that evening did it. By the next morning I was marked with the celebrated Brand "X." My windows were broken and a cat's head nailed to my front door (much to the annoyance of the cat). I received several obscene phone calls. My bird house was tipped over. I'd had it.

Nor have I had any luck, since then, beating the system. Though again, friends, not because I haven't tried. I've watched the idiot box around the clock, made notes, and used a tape recorder. I've sat, pounding my temples, till I verged on hydrocephalus. I've tried prayer, hypnosis, and a salt-free diet. But I can't — simply cannot — remember what commercials say! How in hell do people do it?

And so I've remained an outcast, and a beaten man — until this morning, thumbing through a magazine (I'd heard of them on television). I turned a page and suddenly my heart began to race. I saw an ad, a simple sentence, but the words were an apocalypse.

"You've heard people say —" (it said) "— What in the world ever happened to that good old-fashioned pickle flavor?"


Eureka! In that instant I knew I was saved. Here was my Open Sesame, and I was Lazarus returned from the abyss, with a mixed metaphor and a high heart. This was new, smart, topical — and it was mine, all mine. None of my social circle read, so none could have anticipated me. With the turn of one page, my star was in the ascendant.

Tomorrow I shall press my tux and buy a pair of sincere sunglasses. Soon I shall assault, once more the bastions of society. Let them try to shun or ostracize me — or pitch me in the snow, the bastards! I carry on my lips the phrase that will reduce them all to cringing, fawning, abject, whining servitude. Toadsville! The trick, now, is to select the proper emphasis.

"Cool, it, baby. You may think you're the cat's ass, but what in the world ever happened to that good old-fashioned pickle flavor?"

"All right, Doc. Knock off the malpractice jokes for a minute, and give it to me straight: What in the world ever happened to..."

"Just a damn minute, Senator! A lot of your constituents are demanding to know, you fat crook, exactly what in the world..."

Like they say on TV: If you can't be entertaining, be obnoxious. My strength is as the strength of tem, because my brain is washed. Lux or restlessness... and I do mean Lux. Full speed ahead. 



**Amsterdam, like
Mack the Knife,
keeps its
Shark's teeth
out of sight**

REPORT FROM EUROPE

by JARED RUTTER

AMSTERDAM —

IN AMSTERDAM, the gamey side of life wears a face of sweet innocence. Vice there is aplenty, but it seems a bit incongruous amid the lovely canals and quaint doll-like houses. It's a bit like a crafty old prostitute dressed up in a Sunday school frock. This can be both charming and dangerous. It's delightful to find the red-light district in the prettiest part of town, to see the girls hustling in clean, cozy surroundings. But this is part of a facade. For the man who's unfortunate enough to be there when the mask slips, it can be another story...

It was a freezing cold night in late winter; a hard biting wind was blowing in from the North Sea. I wandered onto a street called the Zeedijk in the waterfront part of town. Practically every place for the length of three blocks was a bar; all with exotic names and twinkling with neon lights. I picked one at random—the Cafe Zanzibar—and went in. The surroundings were bright and comfortable, but not much was happening, probably because of the weather. A couple of B-girls were hustling a customer, and I joined the group. Their prey was an American soldier named Hal. Stationed in Germany, he had come to Amsterdam for kicks, but wasn't finding any in the bar. He suggested that we "tumble on down to the whore street and do some window-shopping."

We left the Zeedijk, crossed some tiny bridges and wound up on a long narrow canal lined on both sides with cobblestoned streets. The signpost called it O. Z. Voorburgwaal, and it looked like something out of an old Dutch painting. In the morning the street had belonged to shutter-clicking tourists, but now the

hookers had taken over. I saw what Hal meant by "window-shopping." In the ground floor of each picturesque building was a large window, behind which was a girl. There were also a few chicks in doorways, and one leaned against a building bearing the proud legend "Anno 1685."

We strolled both sides of the canal, examining the well-displayed wares. The girls sat in clean, well-furnished rooms, dresses raised above their knees, blouses exposing white flesh. It wasn't just sex that was on sale—it was a complete romantic atmosphere, a clever counterfeit of unpaid-for bliss. Hal was attracted by a dusky-skinned brunette holding a monkey in her lap. After arranging to meet me later at the bar, he disappeared behind the window. In the interests of reporting, I was on the lookout for a girl who spoke English. Well, they all spoke English—enough to quote a price and add a few phrases like "Good evening, beautiful," and "You want some love?"


I finally put aside the idea of an interview and went by looks alone. I decided to try a big-chested blonde with apple cheeks and a creamy complexion. Very young, she might have been fresh from a farm in Minnesota. She seemed to be fairly new to the profession. The only marks of the prostitute she bore were the tight skirt and the come-on grin. Her sweetness seemed to fit right in with the picture-postcard quality of the district. I rapped on the window and there was a great deal of gesticulation as a price was decided upon: 15 guilders, about \$5. (The dearth of customers on cold nights keeps prices down, it seems.) She let me in at the door and drew the curtains. The room was overheated by a gas burner; there were several chairs, a sofa

and, in a certain alcove, a bed. I was able to discover the girl's name, which was something like Grede, but that was all. My efforts at verbal communication were futile. Sample attempt: "Do you have many tricks?" "Money—ja." "Not money—many." "Ja—money!" She met most of my questions with a blank smile and a puzzled expression. It struck me that she was perhaps a bit simple-minded, although not that it basically mattered. I finally gave up talking.

It was a pleasurable interlude. In addition to the fundamental attractions, there was music from a radio and even coffee perking on a hot-plate. I was lucky. It might have been a very nasty scene...

When I met my soldier buddy back at the Zanzibar, he was bruised and bedraggled. One eye was beginning to swell, and he was cursing with frustration. His monkey girl had been a very tricky trick. It seems that she lifted his wallet in the midst of an embrace. When he tried to retrieve it she called her "protector."

In Hal's words: "I try to get the money back and she starts yellin'. All of a sudden this gorilla comes in—big sonofabitch. Starts pushin' me around, lifts me up and throws me out in the street. I tried to go back, but that bastard pulled a switchblade big as a f—ing sword." This seemed to me a mild description; he looked as if he'd been worked over good. I suggested we go to the police, although I knew it wouldn't do any good.

I was right. An English-speaking officer reacted politely but wearily to the story, as though such things were everyday occurrences. Last week there had been two knifings in the area, so he couldn't get too concerned about a simple assault and theft. He came out with the expected line: "You go to the Voorburgwaal at your own risk. We have the women localized, but we can't be responsible for what happens to their customers, etc., etc." Hal left in disgust. "Man, yau can keep this friggin' town!" I offered the limp consolation that he could have been rolled anywhere, and it might have been worse. But the incident disturbed me. The charm of the Voorburgwaal and my own pleasant experience there had led me into an overly rosy evaluation of life in the red-light district. Hal's incident brought me up short, made me remember there was another side. The trouble with Amsterdam is that, like Mack the Knife, it keeps its shark's teeth out of sight. I'm glad I was forced to think about the teeth—also, that it wasn't me who got bit. 



The name of the game was blackmail—but the goodtime girl had a couple of tricks up her own . . . sleeve?

HUNTRESS **MY** BACK was cooked enough. I

turned over on the blanket, keeping my eyes closed, but still seeing a hazy glow of sun through my eyelids. I tugged at my bra until the cups stopped pulling my breasts to one side, then I yawned and tried to fall asleep, or at least to drift half-way there.

Oceanview, Maryland is a good place to fall asleep on the beach. It's away from all the big cities, the trade there is mostly families with their children, quietly mannered farmers and quietly mannered people from small towns, some college students. It's different from the beaches further north on the 'eastern seaboard.' Further north, some of the beaches are crowded with bars, dance halls, junk shops, anything, every-

by ANN TAYLOR

—turn the page



When she awoke she was surrounded
by college boys — a couple of them
even looked interesting.



HUNTRESS,
from page 43

thing, you name it, they got it.

If you're a girl and you want to find a man fast—for an hour or a night, you can go to one of the beaches closer to New York. You'll find someone fast there—a shoe salesman, a truck driver, a milkman, a bricklayer. If you want to find somebody special, you go to a place that's harder to reach. No girl goes to Oceanview to find a man unless she has time, money and patience. No man goes there to find a girl unless he has time, money and patience.

Last year I'd found a retired real estate man—about forty, plenty of money, plenty of patience.

This year...

I heard the footsteps in the sand—it sounded like a herd of elephants.

I opened my eyes.

A dozen college boys. They sat all around me, not looking at me, pretending not to notice me. Three on my left side, four on my right side, two at the bottom of my blanket, behind me—I don't know... I didn't bother to turn around.

"Frank, do you think it will rain?"

"It might. See those clouds over there? Moving fast."

One of them had a transistor radio; he turned it on and the quietness of the beach was shattered by discordant notes that might have been called a song in some quarters.

"Nice view from here, huh?"

"Yeah. Want to go in?"

"Naw. I'm tired of swimming."

Jerks. Pretending not to notice me... a corny routine, I thought, and I wondered how many other girls they'd tried it on. Maybe they thought it was funny, but I didn't.

I got up and started folding my blanket. My heart started beating faster—they were all big, husky boys like the kind you see on football teams. I don't know why they made me nervous... I knew I was safe enough on the beach in daylight... but my hands shook anyway. One—a big husky one with blond hair was staring at my legs as if he'd never seen a girl's legs before. I watched as his gaze traveled up from my ankles, lingering at various places and finally resting on my face.

I finished folding my blanket, started back to the hotel.

The blond-haired one...

Nice, I thought. Blue eyes, nice clean features, square jaw, big shoulders, big muscles. Cute...

Suppose he tries to pick me up? What would I do if we met in the Seaway Inn tonight? Suppose he asked me for a dance... or to have a drink... or...

He might, I knew. He was interested, really interested. The others—I didn't matter to them. To them I was a 'girl'—a pair of breasts, a pair of legs. One of the others might try to date me, but it would be because he wanted to go to bed with me, not because he liked me.

The blond-haired one—he was different. He liked me. I knew that—I'd seen that in the look in his eyes. He might try for a date, might try to go to bed with me—eventually—but if he did, it would be because he liked me.

Maybe...

No, I thought, No, you stupid jerk. college kids have nothing—nothing but the clothes on their back, their tuition, a little spending money and a little spare time. If you tangle with them, you're asking for trouble.

I LOCKED the door, turned around... then I saw him.

My mouth dropped open, I started to scream, then, I thought, No. He's a private detective. I know him. But why is he here?

My legs were weak.

"Miss Baxter," he said. "I don't believe we've met. My name is Ben Lewis. Private investigations and some of the hotels along the beach hire me part time as a hotel detective."

He started to flash some sort of identification card in his wallet, but I said, "I know." He put the wallet back in his pocket.

He was fat and round, his face was fat and round and there were scar marks on his chin, around his nose, around his eyes—old marks as if he'd been a boxer some time years ago. He had a heavy beard, the kind that some men have that—even when they're freshly shaven, the small stubble still darkens their face. His teeth were yellow—as if he never brushed them—and there was something about his eyes I didn't like. Some men have something in their eyes that tell you they are nice. Some men have something in their eyes that tell you they are pigs.

Ben Lewis was a pig.

He moved across the room and I was hypnotized. I thought, What is happening? What has happened?

I started, "Why—?"

He took the key from my hand—

pried my fingers apart, took the key and dropped it in one of his pockets.

"I've been asked to check on you," he said. "The manager remembered you from last year. Remembered how Frank Rawley stayed all night with you. The year before that... some guy named South... Southam... Southwell?"

"What?" My body went numb. I couldn't believe it—couldn't believe that anyone had found out...

Jerk, I thought. Who are you kidding? Someone always knows. A desk clerk, a taxi driver, a waitress, a cleaning woman, the people in the next room... someone always knows when you do it and the word probably spreads until everyone in Oceanview knows!

"Get out," I said. "Get out of my apartment!"

He moved closer.

"The law is a funny thing," he said. "If a girl gives it away free, the law doesn't care. If a girl sells it, that's illegal. The manager asked me to find out if you're soliciting. Are you?"

He was close enough now that I could smell the whisky on his breath. He reached in a pocket and took out a twenty dollar bill, holding it out toward me. "Are you selling? If you're selling, I'll buy some."

I slapped his hand—so hard I knocked the money from his hand. Then I drew back and slapped him across the face. My hand hurt and I left the marks of my fingers on his cheek.

He grabbed me and I started to scream, backing away from him until I was against the door. He pushed one of his hands against my mouth. "Scream if you want, but think it over before you scream. Everybody here knows me. Nobody knows you except you come here once a year to shack up with anybody you can find. If you scream, the first thing I'll do... The first thing I'll do is knock your teeth out. Then I'll open that door and when people come running, I'll say I caught you in here selling it to a guy but the guy gave me a rough time and got away. Who do you think they'll believe?"

I was jammed against the door, his hand was hurting my mouth, and the more I tried to slip away, the harder he pressed against me until his chest was hurting my breasts.

He grinned. He was enjoying himself and after I closed my eyes, I felt him move one of legs between mine, his knee wedging in, pushing my skirt between my thighs.

Who do you think they'll believe? I knew the answer and he must have seen the answer in my face. He

took his hand away from my mouth. I didn't open my eyes; I felt his mouth against mine and my stomach crawled.

When he finished, he nodded toward the bedroom. "Ready?"

IN THE BEDROOM, I couldn't look at him while he undressed. I leaned against a wall, shaking, feeling sick inside, glancing at the bed now and then. So different—The times with Frank Rawley and Jim Southam... it had been romantic... exciting. I'd met each of them at the Seaway Inn. We'd had a few drinks... danced... talked...

He finished undressing... he walked toward me...

I glanced at his body and my stomach crawled again. His body was ugly... as ugly as his face, flabby and mottled, his chest covered with damp scraggly brown hair.

I thought, *Scream. Scream!*

But what good would it do? He meant what he said. If I screamed, he would hit me. Then he would get dressed, open the door and shout his lies...

Who would believe me? The hotel manager knew the truth about me... others must know... Ben Lewis—fat rotten bastard, but here in Oceanview, he'd probably kept himself clean... everyone probably knew him as 'Ben... friendly'... 'nice guy'...

He pressed against me, breathing heavily, sweating now, grinning to show his yellow teeth and the odor of whisky from his breath was almost overpowering. *Maybe he's drunk*, I thought. *Maybe he's totally drunk*. Some men are like that—they can be totally drunk and still walk around and talk and you never know it until you watch what they do.

He moved his hips forward, thrusting against my skirt as if teasing himself. I put my hands against his shoulders, tried to push him away, but his thick arms circled my waist, drawing me to him.

"I've changed my mind," he said. His voice was choked, throbbing with his own excitement.

That was all he said... but I knew what he meant. Before... he had tried to persuade me. Now... he'd gone too far... he would use force if persuasion didn't work, and as his lips moved wetly against my cheek and throat, I thought, *Now you've waited too long. Now it won't do any good to scream or run or anything. He can rape you and his good friends and neighbors still wouldn't believe you if you told them!*

—turn to page 46

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HUNTRESS, from page 45

"What's the difference?" His voice was thick, almost pleading. "That guy Rawley... that guy Southwell... Why not Ben Lewis? I'll show you things... things those guys didn't know... things you never dreamed about... God... God, you're pretty!"

He moved back, his eyes were cold and his teeth were clenched. He moved one hand toward my blouse and his thick fingers grabbed at the neckline.

My throat and mouth were dry. I agreed, "What's the difference?"

I tried to smile. Remembering what he'd said, I knew him. He didn't want to use force. He wasn't much different than any man in the world. He wanted me. Maybe he was jealous of Frank Rawley and Jim Southman, maybe he couldn't understand how he was different from them. Maybe he was lonely... Maybe anything, but he wanted me to want him...

I reached for the buttons on my blouse.

He watched as my fingers moved over the buttons, watched as I yanked at the blouse, pulling the bottom free from my skirt waist, watched as I shrugged out of the blouse and let it drop to the floor.

Then—one bad moment—I almost froze. Still grinning, his eyes wider now, he was staring at my bra and what they did not conceal of my breasts. I thought, No. I can't let him see them.

I was shaking. I moved my hands behind my back, unhooked the bra and let it fall to the floor.

He made a sound—a sound that was almost a whimper. He reached out with his right hand, then his left, I looked down at them, shivering suddenly as if watching two snakes move against my body. His hands were ugly—stubby fingered, strong, but grimy as if he hardly ever washed them and as I watched them move I felt as if they were leaving traces of filth wherever they touched...

"Damn. Damn!" He whispered the word, and he said no more, but his eyes and his fingers said how much he liked my breasts—their size, shape...

He moved away again, looking at my skirt, waiting to see more, wanting to touch more. I unbuttoned the side of the skirt, let it fall to the floor.

He nodded toward the bedroom, slipping an arm around my waist. He walked fast and I thought, Everything will happen fast now. So fast you'll hardly know it's happen-

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ing and it'll be over in a few minutes...

At the bedroom door, I stopped. I saw the bed, all neatly made up, and every muscle in my body froze. Men... men... No strangers to me. I knew them, all about them, and in a split-second, everything flashed through my mind... every sickening thing that Ben Lewis would do... every sickening movement, thrust, grunt...

"Wait." I pulled away from him, pointing a finger at the bathroom, smiling sheepishly.

He said, "Oh," watched as I picked up my pocketbook and walked away from him. Before I closed the bathroom door, I turned and looked at him. Half-hiding behind the door, I forced a smile and said, "Just a minute."

I locked the door. The click of the little lever sounded like a gun shot in the silence of the apartment.

"Unlock that goddamned door!"

I unlocked it. I leaned against it, biting my lip, my mind whirling with confusion, wondering what to do. He still didn't trust me. He still thought I might try to get away or scream or fight.

I went to the frosted glass window and started to open it. Changed my mind, went back to the sink and turned on the faucets so the running water would cover the sound and then opened the window. I had to stand in the bathtub to reach the window and poke my head out, but then I could see the beach in the distance, the road that led to the beach. My apartment was on the fifth floor—a good view... but little more than that.

If I lock the door, I can scream for help.

No. It won't work. The minute I lock the door, he'll start breaking it down. Who would hear me scream? The apartment on either side is probably empty. There's so much noise down on the beach, girls giggling and screaming and all, so far away, nobody will hear me...

A group of men were coming up the road toward the hotel. Still a distance away, so far they wouldn't hear me if I screamed... tiny figures in the distance, but still there was something about them that seemed familiar and one had blond hair... The college boys.

WHEN I OPENED the bathroom door, Ben Lewis was standing there, waiting. His jaw dropped when he saw me. I had taken off my panties and I stood naked before him.

"Baby," he said, laughing. "Baby,"

—turn to page 48

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HUNTRESS, from page 47

Let's go!" He was almost drooling.

On the bed, his fingers were ev-
erywhere and I found he was wrong
when he'd said, "I'll show you things
you never dreamed about." He
couldn't show me anything. He was
a beginner, a stumbling, clumsy be-
ginner...

He pushed at my shoulders, in his
excitement suddenly trying to rush
everything to an end.

"No," I whispered. "Wait, I want
to show you something."

I had to force my arms and hands
to move, to reach out and touch
him. I closed my eyes, almost faint-
ing with sickness, I thought, *Pretend he's Frank Rawley...pretend he's Jim Southam...pretend he's Bill Reese...pretend he's anybody but Ben Lewis...*

"Baby," he said. "Baby!" His voice
was hoarse with excitement and his
own hands were rough and hurting
where they prodded.

Someone was pounding on the
door.

I jumped from the bed, screaming,
"Help! Help!"

I ran across the room, snatched
my bathrobe from the closet and
ran into the living room. I slipped
into the robe, screaming, shrieking...

The door splintered and a big
hunk of wood fell to the floor.
Through the hole I could see a
shoulder, faces. Voices outside were
shouting and then the door crashed
to the floor, pulling the hinges with
it and men and women spilled into
the room. The hotel manager was
there—a tall, white-haired man, his
face almost as white as his hair and
his lips trembling when he saw me.
"Miss Baxter! What happened?"

I didn't say anything. I turned and
looked at the bedroom doorway. Ben
Lewis was standing there. Naked.
He was stunned, staring at me as
if he couldn't believe I'd tricked
him.

He went back in the bedroom and
in a few minutes he came out fully
dressed. Police arrived and herded
the people away—all except one or
two of the college boys. I suppose
they wanted to keep them as wit-
nesses.

"I don't believe it," the hotel man-
ager said. "I simply can't believe it.
Ben Lewis."

"She's lying," Ben said. "She's
crazy. I didn't—"

The blond-haired college boy was
there. He said, "Mister, when I came
in this room, you didn't have a stitch
on. It didn't look like you were
about to play tiddy winks with her."

Ben spluttered. He said a few

—turn to page 54



Modern-minded lovely
offers Adam readers
advice on their
most intimate problems

"ASK ALTHEA"

ALTHEA CURRIER is single, 32 years old and hails from Maine. She has been kicking around the country for the last four years as a showgirl and dancer. "I doubt if any of ADAM's readers can come up with a situation I haven't at least been exposed to," she says, and we are inclined to agree with her. ADAM discovered her a few issues back and did a pictorial feature on her delightful 38-24-35 assets. Later she was featured in the 1964 ADAM CALENDAR and readers began demanding more of Althea. So, what better way of giving them more than making her a regular feature.

Althea will answer the type of questions a reader of ADAM might ask... no matter how intimate. She cordially invites you to write her about your problems—or if you're just curious about something and think she might have the answer. Letters should be addressed to:

"ASK ALTHEA," KNIGHT PUBLISHING CORP., P.O. BOX 69912
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Dear Althea:

What do you think I should do? I have asked my girl to have intercourse with me, but all she likes in the way of sex are a lot of off-beat "side benefits"—if you know what I mean. Now this fancy stuff is fun, but it doesn't satisfy me completely. Should I let her keep up with her tricks or should I force her to do it my way? I hope you answer truthfully.

Brock Dawson
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Brock:

If you can't get the cake, you better settle for the frosting. Force the issue and you may lose the whole dessert.

• • •

Dear Althea:

I have a question that is somewhat intimate, but which I hope you do not mind answering. It is, if a woman has been jilted or been unfaithful to, do you believe that she has the right to kill him, even though the law says that is not right? I would like your personal opinion.

C. M. Wilcox
Detroit, Michigan

Dear C. M.:

Murder's against the law, honey, and I believe in abiding by the law. Even when a woman's world has been shattered, shooting the guy only brings more unhappiness. Besides, when a gal is jilted, she usually has only herself to blame.

• • •

Dear Althea:

I must admit, you are one of the prettiest girls I've seen in ADAM in quite a spell. I only wish that other magazines could complement their pages with your grace. The men who come into your life are very lucky indeed. Sorry I couldn't give you some problems, but there's no need to send in any, is there?

Alfred Mann
Peru, Indiana

Dear Alfred:

Of course there isn't, dear. Sweet compliments like yours make me feel good all over.

• • •

Dear Althea:

My husband objects to me wearing padding, which is to say falsies in the vulgar expression. He thinks that a woman should "get along with what she has and not go against nature." I think a girl should give nature a helping hand. If you agree with me, Althea, please say so in your column so my husband will see it. He will go by what you say, because he thinks you're just great.

Lillian Fesser
Tallahassee, Florida

Dear Lillian:

Never having needed "to help nature" myself, I have trouble tuning in on your wave-length. However, there's gotta be something wrong with a man who objects to his wife trying to look more feminine and attractive. If you need padding, honey, go right ahead.

• • •

Dear Althea:

For several months now I have been having what you might call a love affair with my wife's best girlfriend. My problem is that I don't feel guilty in the slightest. In fact, I hardly even feel guilty about not feeling guilty. What I want to know is, is it right for me not to feel bad about cheating on my wife, who is a good wife and good in bed and loves me?

Oliver Hertz
Brooklyn Hgts., N.Y.

Dear Oliver:

Not feeling guilty is better than torturing yourself for being a heel—but let's face it, you are a heel!

• • •

Dear Althea:

I am wondering if you know of any heterosexual, hedonistic clubs in Southern California that have parties, get-togethers, etc., for mutual broad-minded enjoyment. I would appreciate any information you can furnish.

R. L. Halvorsen
Newport Beach, Calif.

Dear R. L.:

Gee, you've got me stumped. Maybe Sweden has what you're looking for.

• • •



When hauled before a judge some lawbreakers can come up with the wildest excuses in the world in an attempt to escape justice

PERHAPS THE greatest cop-out artist of all time is the guy who killed his mother and father, then pleaded for mercy on the grounds that he was an orphan.

Wiseacres of this stripe don't show up in court very often—a fact for which jurists are everlastingly grateful. But there are on record countless cases of defendants who have em-

ployed bizarre and unusual arguments in an attempt to tip the delicately balanced scales of justice in their favor.

One such bizarre defense was that employed by Professor Felice Ippolito of Italy's Nuclear Energy Commission, charged with the embezzlement of 10 billion lire (roughly \$1.5

—turn the page

THE DEFENSE RESTS

by DANIEL A. MACONE



DEFENSE, from page 51

million) from commission funds.

It is the duty of those in authority, argued the professor, to establish controls that would prevent embezzlement; failure to establish such controls creates a temptation too strong for the average man to overcome.

"If I am guilty," he declared, "so are my superiors whose duty it was to control me. If they are innocent, so am I."

The judge didn't see it quite that way. He found the professor guilty, the Nuclear Energy Commission innocent.

Another interesting defense was that offered by a Florida night club operator, who was charged with violating the law by setting off firecrackers in a July 4 celebration on the street outside his club.

Florida law, he pointed out, permits the shooting off of fireworks and/or similar incendiary or noise-making devices provided that they are "to be used solely and exclusively in frightening birds." Since that was his purpose, he argued, he was innocent.

The judge hearing the case was momentarily taken aback. But he dutifully turned to the statute in question and found that the defendant had been telling a half-truth—which, in this case, was no truth at all.

Fireworks, etc., may be used, the law read, "solely and exclusively in frightening birds from agricultural works and fish hatcheries." Since the

night club did not qualify as either of these, the operator was guilty.

Florida was the scene of another interesting defense plea—this time in a narcotics case—and the finding of a court that the defendant was innocent established a precedent that is still being debated in that state's legal circles.

On October 18, 1962, a former Miami apartment house owner named William Sebastian was found guilty of possessing marijuana. A police officer told Criminal Court Judge Ben C. Willard that he had seen Sebastian try to dispose of a packet of the narcotic by throwing it to the pavement. Sebastian testified that he did no such thing. The judge accepted the policeman's account and sentenced Sebastian to a two-year prison term.

But, on February 20, 1964, the Third District Court of Appeals reversed the conviction—declaring that there was no reason to accept the policeman's account over that of the defendant.

"His (the officer's) evidence is no more reasonable than that of the defendant," wrote Judge Tillman Pearson in the appellate court decision. "The scales are evenly balanced. Accordingly, the defendant must be discharged." —

If other courts rule as this court did, authorities pointed out, Florida could experience some unusual reversals in the future. Often, it was stated, cases are decided on the basis of a single witness' testimony, supported by varying degrees of

circumstantial evidence. And, in most traffic cases, the prosecution is based on a single officer's testimony.

"You'll hear this case cited for a long time," a bar association official told the Miami Herald.

Another case which has been cited for a long time—more than 300 years, as a matter of fact—is that of a sergeant brought before a military tribunal as a result of his amorous activities with an officer's wife. It's legal ramifications aside, the unusual case is proof positive that the harsh realities of letter-of-the-law justice are often tempered by the softer realities of human reason, even in the military.


The defendant in the case, writes Giuseppe Gigliotti in *Novelle degli Soldati Amorosamente*, was assigned to a garrison in Turin where wives of officers on the march were housed. He fell in love with the youthful spouse of an elderly major and an affair rapidly ensued.

Another officer's wife, believing that this sort of thing should not be permitted to go on, implored the garrison commander to take action against the sergeant. Adultery, however, fell under the realm of civil, not military law; and, since the commander didn't want to get involved in a civilian legal action, he instead arranged to trap the sergeant in the act of love and then charged him with being out of uniform.

Brought before the tribunal, the sergeant argued that he was indeed naked at the time of his arrest. However, he pointed to a regulation which stated that when soldiers were "engaged in sport" they could wear whatever garments were appropriate.

Indeed, ruled the court, the sergeant had been engaged in sport. And, for the sport in which he had been engaged, what attire could be more appropriate than no attire at all?

"Not guilty," was the verdict—one which brought cries of "prisoner coddling" from many officers, but which drew nothing but the highest praise from EMs.

All told, the record books contain countless examples of unusual defenses employed by those who have been brought before the bar of justice. Some have been dismissed as pure nonsense, others have led to happy endings. But, in either event, few would tamper with the principle which states that all men are innocent until proven guilty and with the corollary that a man may protest his innocence up until the point when the defense rests. 



"It's getting late. I really ought to be in someone's bed, by now."

Adam

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HUNTRESS, from page 48

things that no one should ever say in the presence of a lady and then he shouted. "She's lying. She was willing!"

"Willing?" I asked. I pulled the robe tighter around my breasts and I silently wished the robe was long—long enough to hide my legs clear down to the ankles. "Willing? If I was willing, why did I call for help?"

Ben's eyes were filled with hate, he started toward me as if about to hit me, but one of the policemen grabbed his shoulder. There was something else in his grimy face—something besides the hate—silent confusion, the silent question *Why?*

I remembered his question, "What's the difference?" and I wanted to tell him the difference between Frank Rawley and himself—how Frank had been sweet and gentle, how we'd danced, how we'd talked, how we'd walked along the beach in the moonlight, and how we'd finished the evening in my apartment, listening to records, dancing some more, finally kissing, finally giving our love to one another, knowing it would only be for that one time, but giving it freely, because our love was something that had grown and had to bear fruit.

What's the difference?

I wanted to tell him that he was filthy—as filthy as the filthiest piece of filth. He was a pig, he had wanted me—my body but not my love, and he had wanted to take my body without gentleness, without consideration, with the simple physical act of taking, the way one animal would take another.

"She's lying! She—"

"I what?" I had done things—in an effort to stall for time. He had mistaken those things as willingness, but I doubted he would ever tell exactly what I had done. If he did, no one would ever believe him.

The blond-haired college boy stepped up to one of the policemen. "This should prove she wasn't willing. She saw us from a window up here, waved at us to get our attention and then she threw this out the window."

He handed them to the policeman and my face got red. They say a drowning woman will snatch at straws and I had *really* snatched at a straw—I'd done something absolutely desperate, but something that had made the college boys come running as fast as their big strong legs could carry them.

The policeman held up my panties and we all looked at where I'd written across the front—in lipstick—HELP! ROOM 515.

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INFORMATION: How to locate nudist parks—how to join a nudist camp, etc. The "inside" facts about social nudism from a person who has lived as a nudist for many years in the company of men, women and children of all ages, naked and unashamed. How do these people live? What do they do? How do they feel? Is Sex rampant? If not, how do they manage? All these questions and 55 more are answered. Send \$1 for 36-page illustrated booklet, names and addresses of 100 nudist camps, and a 36 page catalog of nudist products. Send under plain sealed cover. Rush name, address and \$1 today to:

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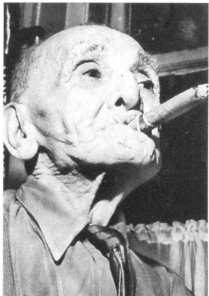
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BRIGITTE AND FRIEND

Ten year old Billy Mumy, the blasé young man with French actress, Brigitte Bardot is the first American to play a "love scene" with her. "She's neat," he says. "She kissed me a couple of times!"



LONGEVITY SECRET . . .

Salvatore Tomassi, who is 103 years old contributes his longevity to "a lot of dancing and singing" in his youth!

WHADDA PAIR!

And they belong to actress Wendie Wagner who won a contest to select the most beautiful legs in motion pictures recently.



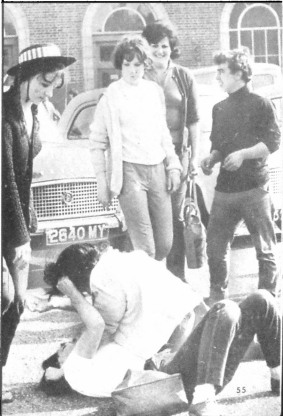
BUMP, GRIND, HUP, TWO

The Grand Dame of strippers, Gypsy Rose Lee (r.) instructs a group of candidates on the bumps and grinds for a TV show in Hollywood.



GIRLS WILL BE GIRLS

As other teenagers watch, two Kent, England girls battle it out during a riot at the British resort, that lasted two days.



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BROTHEL, from page 31

line had queued up for one hundred yards downstream. The miners were all eager to partake of this innovation.

As one burly pickhandler remarked to Kitty as he paid his fee for her services: "This is what I call convenience. Now I won't have to take time out from my claim to run into Dawson to have my ashes hauled!"

Kitty was delighted with this remark, because that is what she had planned on to make her venture a success. Success is a mild description. It went over like a landslide! The miners were in such a hurry that the gold which they paid her was sometimes still wet from having been so recently taken from the creek beds.

But no matter, wet or dry, Kitty welcomed it all, stowing it away with the grasping hands of a Scrooge.

One point she had thoughtfully foreseen was buying a tent with front and rear openings. A sordid enough would come in the front, transact his business and leave at the rear. A not unwelcome contrivance, because it gave Kitty plenty of time to prepare herself for the next customer.

As we know, a salesman's success depends largely on how he presents his product. The success of a hooker depends on the way she sells herself. Now Kitty was a master when it came to selling herself.

No matter how tired or how many men she had entertained in a given instance, she always greeted a new customer with a pleasing smile and ready thighs. She made each man believe that no one satisfied her as he had. She knew that nothing inflates a man's ego as much as being made to think that his prowess in the bedroom was supreme. She used this knowledge to the fullest and smiled all the way to the bank.

As the summer wore on, she made her way up the Bonanza and Eldorado, cut across the mountains to King Solomon's Dome, then down Gold Bottom creek to Hunker's creek and then on down the Klondike to Dawson. She reached that town just as the first snow fell in the winter of '98. Along the way, she had discarded every unnecessary item to make room for the gold. It was said that the mules were so heavily laden and exhausted they collapsed a thousand feet short of the bank and Kitty had to hire a wagon and team on the spot to carry the gold the remaining distance. Kitty had found her rainbow. In fact, a few dozen rainbows.

After a rest of two weeks, and not a woman to lay around and not earn money for it, she bought herself a sled and dogteam and made for creeks.

In the winter, when the snow got as deep as fifteen feet in some spots, the going was very hard. But the distance between claims was exactly five hundred feet, and bundled warmly in mukluks, parka and mittens, she mushed her way from claim to claim selling her wares. She wrote later that even mushing the short distance took almost an hour and a half.

Once she arrived at a miner's cabin, with her cheeks flushed from the biting cold and exhausted from tramping through belly-deep snow, but with a perpetual smile of friendship and innocence preceding her, she was greeted by a groin-aching miner like she was some long lost friend. She was a welcome remedy for that plague to snowed-in miners: cabin fever.

Whenever there was more than one miner to a cabin, to stave off arguments and fights, she always took first the man longest without a woman. Even then, she took them in quick succession to relieve weeks and sometimes months of pent-up tensions. Besides being artful in her profession, she was a Ph.D. when it came to men's passions. This inbred lore was another fact of her success and popularity.

For two years, she traveled the gold creek circuit. When the gold finally petered out and Dawson ceased to be a thriving metropolis in 1900, Kitty boarded a steamer heading south. In her handbag was a draft on the Bank of British North America for \$1,980,762. All the money her body had earned.

True to her vows, she returned to San Francisco and bought her mansion on Nob Hill. Looking out over the city atop Mason street, it glittered of cut-glass and teak wood, a sprawling tribute to what a woman can do with her body if she is determined to put it to good use.

For six years, the Belle of the Klondike Whores rubbed money with the snobs, until she died in April, 1906, when she burned to death in her home in the conflagration following the great earthquake.

When the ruins of her mansion were searched, all they found of her was a few charred bones buried beneath a blackened crystal chandelier. Gone was a body that, perhaps, was living proof that all that glitters is not gold. Especially where plenty of gold and lusty, lonely men are concerned. ☼

Adam's



TALES



UNDER THE COUNTER

And then there was the service-station operator who, upon visiting his psychiatrist, insisted on lying under the sofa!



WIN, PLACE, SHOW

The lovely young film starlet met the famous Hollywood director at a party and after each had several martinis they became friendly.

"Why don't you go home with me for the night?" the director asked finally.

"Why should I?" the starlet asked. "Oh, I'm casting a new film. Several female roles are open," he commented dryly.

"The lead role?" the starlet asked. "If you're real good," the director promised. "But if you're only so-so there's the part of a female dog trainer open."

They retired to the director's house and spent the night in his kingsize bed. "Well," the starlet, whose mind had been on the film all night, asked, "Do I get the lead role?"

"Nope," the director replied. "You weren't that good."

"The dog trainer?" the starlet asked, with the disappointment keen in her voice.

"You weren't that good either. But we haven't cast the part of the dog yet..."



"Gee, now, where in heck did I put that darn letter of reference?"

SUZIE THE SECRETARY SEZ:

... that she has the most wonderful handsome husband in the world but his wife wants him back.

... her cousin got ten years for pumping Ethyl behind the station.

... gentlemen prefer blondes because blondes know what gentlemen prefer.

... her sister is so dumb that she thought a woodpecker was a decoy.

NO COMMENT

Two lovely young ladies met in a drugstore for the second day in a row.

"Did you tell him?" the blonde asked.

"Sure. I told him. I said, 'Harry, this is it. We're through. Either we get married or we stop seeing each other.'"

"What did he say?" the blonde asked.

"Nothing. He pulled the sheet over his head."



SEE NO EVIL...

Heard the one about the Hollywood hipster who got stopped by a cop for running a redlight?

"Didn't you see that redlight back there?" the policeman asked.

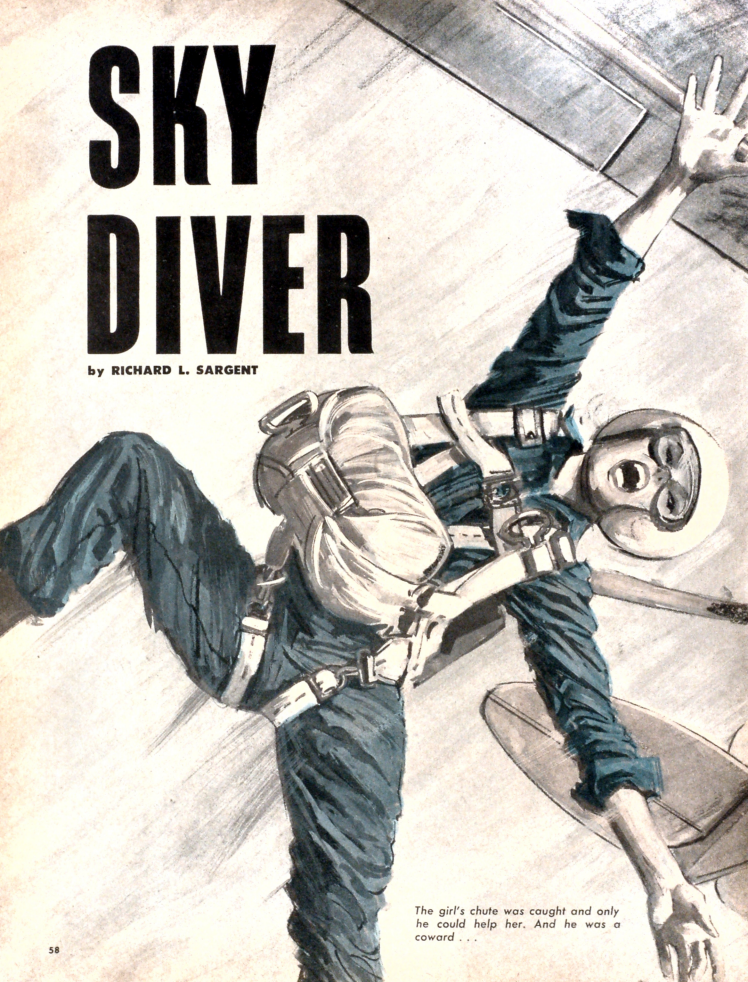
"What redlight was that?" the HH asked.

"The one back there on the corner."

"Really? Naw, I didn't see no redlight. Hell, man, I didn't even see the house."

SKY DIVER

by RICHARD L. SARGENT



The girl's chute was caught and only he could help her. And he was a coward . . .



When a man builds a life on a series of lies he gets hit in the face with the truth—sooner or later

THEY WERE wrestling on the floor of Sandy's apartment. At intervals, she'd slap his hand away and say, "Bob, now stop it!"

And he'd chew her earlobe and continue working on the zipper at the side of her yellow slacks. She shrieked with girlish indignation as he got the tab unbuttoned and started sliding the zipper down.

"No, no, no—and that's final," she said, not meaning a word of it.

But he knew she was made before they'd ever entered the apart-

—turn the page

ment to see her collection of sky-diving photos. "Aw, come on, Sandy, honey, I love you."

"How could you love me?" she asked, pushing his hands away. "We met just four hours ago."

"It's fate," he answered, sliding his hand under the waistband of her sky-blue panties and massaging the firmest, warmest, most lovable, rounded belly he'd ever massaged.

"It is, huh?" she said, eyeing him as though only half convinced.

But her wide hazel eyes had "Yes" written deep inside, and he'd known it would be this way from the moment he'd seen her walking across the airport with her bunched-up parachute.

"Yes... yes," he breathed close to her ear. "It's as though I'd known you all my life." His massaging hand worked lower.

She moved her own hand up his inner thigh, exploring, then grasping firmly.

She raised her hips to allow him to slip her slacks down to her knees. "Uhhmmnn—in that case, I guess it's all right."

He gave her a long, tongue-twisting kiss. When he was sure she was past the point of no return, he broke the kiss and stood up. He felt the familiar surge of triumph—for this moment, he was a colossus standing over a surrendered foe. And Sandy McCaleb was a truly gorgeous foe. Young, clean, sleek she was, with high cheekbones and wide lips and long, sandy-blonde hair spread beneath her head like a sunburst. She was a golden goddess of love, supplicant to him and ready for communion.

Gazing into her eyes, he unzipped his brown linen jumpsuit. With his right hand, he plucked at the side. When it would not slide from his shoulder, he tugged. He tugged harder. He twisted and bent and tried to reach the right sleeve with his left hand. Wobbling, bending to the side, he placed his left foot on the coffee table, knocking over an ashtray and the forgotten album of snapshots which showed Sandy in a variety of sky-diving situations.

Sandy calmly took her slacks all the way off. Then, nude from the waist down, she sat with her slim hands clasped in front of her knees and watched his epic struggles to get out of the jumpsuit. She smiled. He went through even more violent maneuvers. She laughed until the tears came.

Finally, with the voice of a patient mother about to rescue her idiot child, she said, "Here, let

me..." and helped him out of the suit.

Then she lay on her back and stretched out her arms toward him. "And now, lover, where were we?" She laughed a light, happy laugh.

He descended to her, and even as she arched upward to meet him, he began to hear the nagging, small-dark voice. He ignored it and abandoned himself to Sandy.

At the beginning, his hips were a quicksnap yo-yo. Then he imagined himself as a silver corkscrew twisting deeper and deeper into a warm softwet, exquisitely smooth cork. Sandy was a very energetic cork.

Ah, Robert, the smalldark voice lurking near his pituitary said, aren't you ashamed taking this poor girl under false pretenses?

Poor girl, hell, he mentally answered. Look at that happy expression.

writhe like a bagged wildcat.

Bob matched her wiggle for wiggle, and bounce for squirm. The room was somersaulting around them and filling with a red-gold haze.

Her lips widened in a silent, gasping scream and she flipped her hips up hard against him.

And in that long instant, Bob felt the sudden surge within him—as though the knot at the end of a balloon had slipped and allowed the hot air to flow out.

The spinning room jerked to a stop. The redgold haze was gone. He was crouched over Sandy and they were both breathing hard and fast. They were as sweatwet as if they'd been dunked in a pool of passion.

"Wild, wild, wild," Sandy moaned. "Very swinging!" He moved away and half-fell beside her.

Sandy curled up against him like a well fed cat.



But you know, and I know, that if she knew what we know, she'd throw you out of here this instant.

No, she wouldn't, he answered between strokes, she'd never have let me get where I am in the first place.

Robert Packard, the small dark voice said, you're a phony—an impersonator, a fraud—pretending to be a sky-diver—hah! You're afraid to jump off a high curb!

Yeah, he admitted. I'm also afraid to drive a racing car, and I couldn't ski my little finger down a snowball, but neither Betty nor Ginger found out—and neither did the others.

Cheat, fraud, phony, impersonator, coward, the smalldark voice chanted.

Shut up and leave me alone! Robert told the voice. It complied.

Sandy's sharp fingernails dug into his back and she began to buck and

Letting his hand roller-coaster over the pert curves of her derriere and back, he decided that Robert Packard did not like Robert Packard very much... if at all.

Nevertheless, he marvelled at his two miraculous gifts: first, the ability to spot young and beautiful women so ardently devoted to a sport that they'd let any man they believed equally devoted make love to them, and second, and even more important, the ability to carry off the impersonation necessary to take advantage of the situation. As just plain Bob, the service station attendant, average in almost everything, he got almost nowhere with girls. But utilizing his unique gifts, he got almost everywhere. True, he could never hope for a relationship lasting more than a few days, but that was much better than nothing. With girls like Sandy, he regretted

that it could not last, but for his happy memories—and theirs—he had to get out of their lives before they even began to suspect the truth about him.

In a day, sometimes less, he could, by hanging around the fringes of a group and listening, learn enough to carry off an impersonation. Frequently, as additional preparation for his role, he made a trip to the library.

He was careful never to overstep his knowledge of the group's activity. And he was careful to prepare a "cover story"—which included some good, logical reason why he could not take part in his favorite sport at this particular moment.

Sandy sat up and gasped, "Hey—doll, baby, up, up, up!"

He shook his head and looked at her, mystified. "Uhummm—Why?—What?"

She kissed the tip of his nose and explained, "Tommy left his chute to be repaired and it's fixed by now, so Mack's going to fly it over to him at Harrison Field, and he promised me a free jump enroute. Half an hour—we've really got to flap fast."

"But..." he began.

She smiled. "After, sweet baby, we can come back here and encore."

She ran toward the bathroom, bare buttocks bouncing, and he heard the rattle of the shower hitting the plastic curtain.

Staring at the open bathroom door, he ran the tips of his fingers over his chin. Had she really implicated him in the jump?

Just the thought of it put icicles on his backbone. He got up and paced the living room, pausing before the book cabinet. There were two gold framed photos on top of it. One was of a middleaged lady who was probably Sandy's mother. But the other photo was a real puzzler: a young Oriental boy.

"That's Kim Sok," Sandy said. "He's Korean."

Startled, he turned to see her standing just behind him, wielding a towel over her radiantly naked curves.

"I adopted him," she said. "You know, Foster Parents and all that jazz." She flicked the towel toward the shower. "Swing, sweet daddy—we're due at the airport mucho pronto."

"But Sandy, I can't jump—my chute..."

"Uhhmmnn," she murmured, bending forward to dry her inner thighs. "Got on the wrong plane coming out—you told me—and I wouldn't dream of asking you to jump a bor-

rowed chute, but at least you can come along for the ride."

He relaxed. "Okay. I'll even spot for you."

"Nope, spot for myself," she said. "To the shower, sweet daddy, to the shower."

He kissed her wet shoulder and trotted to the shower.

Under the stinging cool spray, he marvelled at the girl. She was only twenty-two, she barely made a living as an office clerk, and yet she was sending money to some kid thousands of miles away she'd never seen. He nodded, quite a girl.

LESS THAN forty-five minutes later, they were at 2,500 feet, circling over the drop zone. Even though Bob wasn't jumping, the deafening roar of the hinged monoplane's engine made him nervous. He'd been up in light planes several times, but he could never get over the feeling it was like being inside an egg shell with a motor. It seemed as though the engine could—and might—shake the plane apart. It was a bit like being in another world. Sandy didn't look like Sandy anymore. She was a bundle of white jumpsuit loaded down with two parachutes and wearing a crash helmet and goggles that half covered her face. She was leaning out the hole in the side of the plane where the door should have been, spotting the jump. A moment ago, she had thrown a streamer over the side and was now watching it fall to earth, timing its descent to the giant circle of sandy earth ringed with mountains.

The streamer had been dropped directly over the "X" in the drop zone. By seeing how far away from the mark it drifted, she would learn the direction of the wind and be able to calculate the point where she should jump in order to land on the "X".

It was, Sandy had said, "A lovely day for sky diving." The sun was warm, there was almost no wind, and the sky was cloudless.

As the pilot put the plane in a sharp bank to come back over the "DZ," Bob felt the world turn green and his stomach slid around in a bed of grease.

Sandy turned back from the doorway and gave Mack, the pilot, a circled thumb and forefinger sign. She attached her static line and blew Bob a kiss. Then she swung out onto the wheel.

Facing the propeller, she bent forward. Her hands, out in front of her, gripped the wing strut. The thought crossed Bob's mind that she was in

the same position as a kid about to be spanked. Her feet lifted and she straightened her body until she was "flying" face-to-earth. She let go of the wing strut and spread her arms and legs. She dropped down and back of the plane.

Bob began trying to work up the courage to crawl over to the door and watch her when there was a wrenching jolt. The plane wobbled strangely. He saw the pilot stiffen and look out over his shoulder. Mack's tanned face bleached to a deathly white.

Bob scrambled over to the door and looked down. Sandy was dangling beneath the belly of the ship.

With her left hand, she reached up and grabbed her static line. The movement threw her into a spin. Bob's heart seemed squeezed tight at the thought that she was going to go right into the propeller blades.

She flung her arms out flat and stopped the spin. She was being towed like an upside-down kite on a short string—her head precariously close to the deadly propeller.

Bob looked at the pilot who was evidently yelling something to him. Bob cupped a hand behind his ear.

Mack made a woodpecker motion with his forefinger toward the dangling girl. Then he grabbed a knife from somewhere and, looking at Bob, flicked the knife in the air as if cutting something.

Dim realization began to turn Bob's insides bright yellow. Feebly, he pointed toward his chest. Mack nodded vigorously.

Bob shook his head.

Mack looked at him as though he couldn't quite believe it. He gestured for Bob to come closer.

"Losing altitude," Mack yelled in his ear, "can't hold it. Get out there and cut her loose or we crash." He shoved the knife at Bob.

"Can't do it—I'd fall."

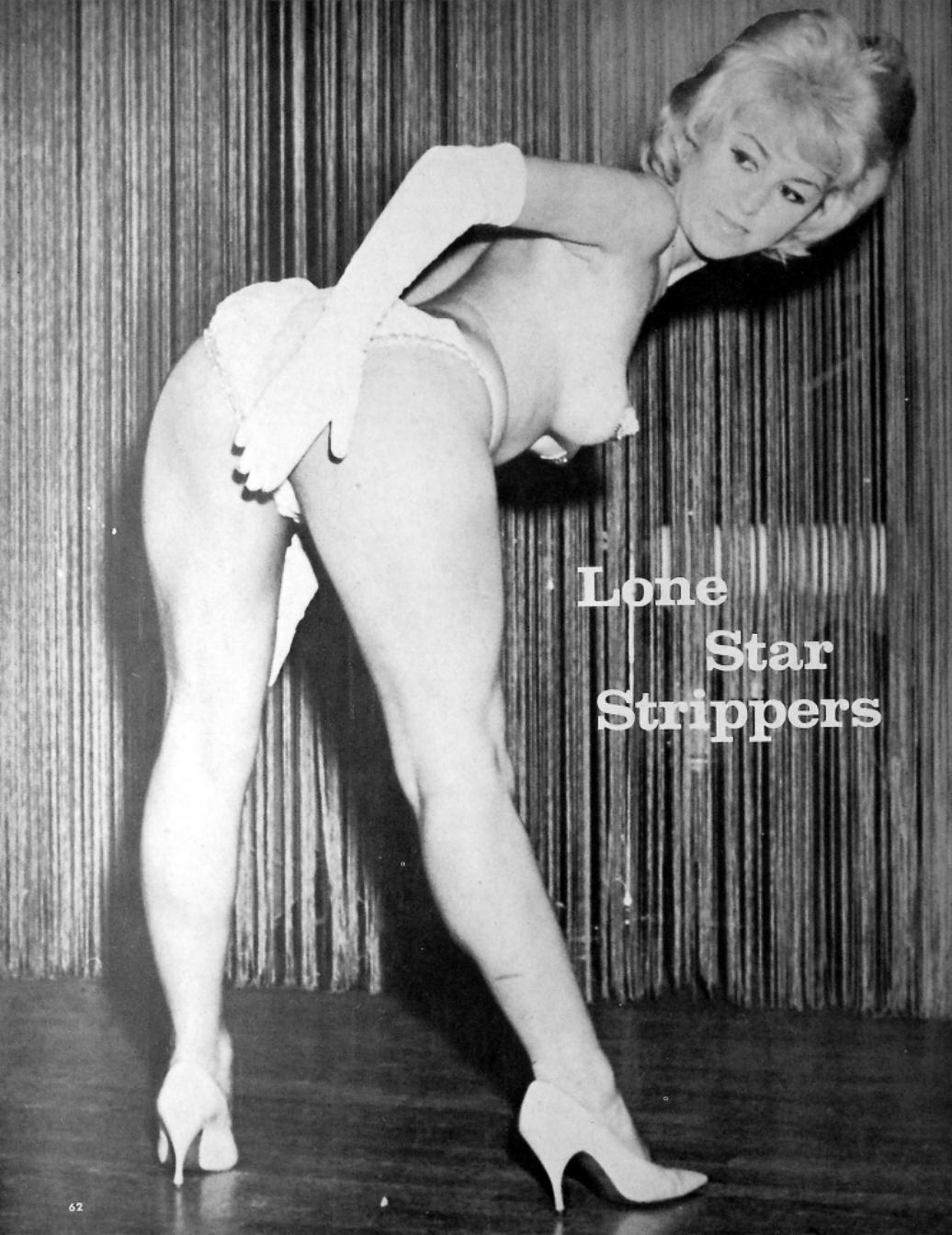
Mack waved toward the repaired chute in the back of the cabin. "Use that."

Numb with fear, Bob looked from the chute to Mack and realized the only alternative was a forced landing which would splatter Sandy all over the countryside.

With Mack shouting impatient instructions, Bob buckled on the chute. Gripping the knife with a shaking hand, he forced himself to step out onto the wheel.

The force of the wind almost tore him away from the plane. He clutched the doorway, paralyzed by terror, all too aware that there was nothing between himself and the ground.

— turn to page 66



**Lone
Star
Strippers**



DOWN IN Big D—that's Dallas to you non-residents of Texas—the strip action is the greatest. Those Texans like their entertainment hot and frantic and the gals at Dallas' swinging Carousel Club give it to them—in spades.

Take blonde, luscious Kathy Kay (we would love to) who is shown at left, above and all around. Kathy just doesn't strip, she dances, sings, and drags a male member of the audience up on the stage to help with her clothing—and other things.

And Kathy is typical of what Big D has to offer those wild living Texans. Little Lynn, who is pictured in the lower left corner of

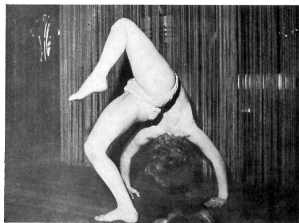


Everything in Texas is bigger and better—even the strip action

There are strippers—and strippers—but the Dallas peelers have more to offer!

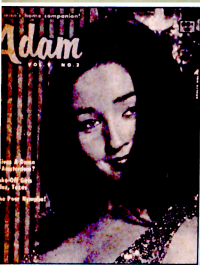


this page, not only takes off her clothes, she does acrobatics that would make the U.S. Olympic team sit up and take notice! Tammie True, the gal with the dogs, has one of the most unique strip acts going in the world—oh, those lucky dogs! When Tammie takes off a piece of clothing, the dogs take it backstage, then return for more! And Tammie is about the loveliest creature to hit a runway since Ann Corio! Big D, here we come! 🐕





BEHIND THE COVER



ADAM'S COVER GIRL this month is 25-year-old Katy Delancy. This makes the second time she has been selected to grace our front piece—and with that face is it any wonder that we're a bit partial to her? Katy is blessed with deep green eyes, silky auburn hair and measurements that round off at 38-23-35. She holds a B.A. degree from the University of Southern California, where she studied art and now toils as an interior decorator... that face, that form, and talent too? Need we say more?

DIVER, from page 61

Sandy looked up at him, her face pale and pleading.

Coward or no coward, Bob told himself, you've got to do it.

Sure that each fraction of an inch of movement would send him spinning to his death, he bent over and sawed at her static line.

The line parted. Sandy dropped free.

A sense of relief began to surge through Bob as he saw her reach for the ripcord of her reserve canopy.

The relief stopped in mid-surge: he still had to get back into the plane. He got a grip on the doorway and was set to haul himself inside when the plane hit a patch of rough air and slipped from his grasp. He was falling away from it.

He had the sensation of being inside a rubber ball of sky and earth and the ball was twisting and turning around him.

He was going to hit the earth with a resounding splat, and the thought made him very sick.

Parachute, the small dark voice near his pituitary screamed. You dumb jerk, do you want to get us killed? You're wearing a parachute — pull the ripcord!

I don't know where it is, he answered.

Find it, nuthead — find it!

Groping around, his hand found something that felt as if it could be a ripcord. He pulled it.

Nothing happened for what seemed to be several very long hours. Then he felt as though a giant hand had grabbed a trailing string and yanked him to a stop. He looked up and saw the orange and white canopy mushrooming over him. It was a truly beautiful sight.

He decided to look at the ground. At that instant, it came up against him like a racket hitting a badminton birdie.

He felt himself flip-flop over a waist high fence. He fell on his back in water. His head hit something solid. It seemed to cause a fuse to blow. There was a fiery flash, and then sparks flying out into the darkness and gradually they were gone and he was very out.

HE OPENED his eyes and stared into the orange-yellow bill of a very mad duck. The duck quacked and tried to take a bite out of Bob's nose.

Bringing up his right arm, he knocked the white duck the hell off his chest.

He looked around. He was lying in a small muddy puddle. His chute was draped over the roof of a chicken house behind his head. He

wiggled a foot to find out if it really would wiggle, and was delighted that it did. He thought about getting up.

The duck waded through the puddle up between his wide spread legs and hoisted itself up onto Bob's crotch. It waddled upward, sounding a battlecharge of three loud quacks.

"You're in his pond, and I don't think he likes it," a familiar voice said.

He batted the duck away again and glanced over to see Sandy standing at the fence.

Sloshing water, he sat up. "Hi."

"Anything broken?" she asked.

He considered telling her everything was broken — even his pride. Unable to meet her gaze, he shook his head. Wearily, he got to his feet.

He unbuckled the chute harness, fully aware that she was watching him. He walked over to the fence and stood head down, watching the water oozing out of his shoes.

"You know I'm no sky-diver, don't you?"

"And how!"

"I'm a cheat, a fraud, a phony, and..."

"You saved my life," she interrupted.

"... And a coward," he concluded, half turning away.

"You're also a liar," she said.

He waited for the rest of the blast he full deserved.

"You're lying," she said, "when you call yourself a coward. A coward would have stayed huddled in that plane. You didn't, mister, you went out there on that wheel and cut me loose."

He stared at her. "But... but I was scared white."

"It takes guts — real guts — to do something like that when you're scared," she said. "I think more of you because of it. To a regular diver, it wouldn't have been much, but for you it was plenty. I know that and I respect you for it. If you hadn't been along on that flight and able to do what you did, right now I'd be very much dead. Bob, no matter what else you may be, you sure as hell are not a coward."

He looked at her, feeling foolish. "And what about the rest — what about impersonating a sky-diver? Am I forgiven for that?"

She seemed to consider it, then, after a long silence, she said, "Come on, let's get this chute bundled up and back to the field. Then — as I recall — we've got a little unfinished business up at my apartment." And smiling at him, she winked.



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